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THREE VICES OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NATURAL and becoming as it is to think modestly of the literary achievements of our own time, in comparison with certain periods of our past literary history, it may yet be asserted with some confidence that in no age has there been so large an amount of real ability engaged in the conduct of British literature as at present. Whether our topmost men are equal in stature to the giants of some former generations, and whether the passing age is depositing on the shelf of our rare national classics masterpieces of matter and of form worthy to rank with those already there, are questions which need not be discussed in connexion with our statement. It is enough to remember that, for the three hundred publications or so which annually issued from the British press about the middle of the seventeenth century, we now produce every year some five thousand publications of all sorts, and, probing this fleeting mass of contemporary authorship as far round us and in as many directions as we can, in order to appraise its contents, to see, as I believe we should see, that the prodigious increase of quantity has been accompanied by no deterioration of average quality. Lamentations are indeed common over the increase of books in the world. This, it is said, is the *Mudiaval* era. Do not these lamentations proceed, however, on a false view of literature, as if its due limits at any time were to be

measured by such a petty standard as the faculty of any one man to keep up with it as a reader, or even to survey it as a critic? There is surely a larger view of literature than this—according to which the expression of passing thought in preservable forms is one of the growing functions of the race; so that, as the world goes on, more and ever more of what is remembered, reasoned, imagined, or desired on its surface, must necessarily be booked or otherwise registered for momentary needs and uses, and for farther action, over long arcs of time, upon the spirit of the future. According to this view, the notion of the perseverance of our earth on its voyage ages hereafter with a freight of books increased, by successive additions, incalculably beyond that which already seems an overweight, loses much of its discomfort; nay, in this very vision of our earth as it shall be, carrying at length so huge a registration of all that has transpired upon it, have we not a kind of pledge that the registration shall not have been in vain, and that, whatever catastrophe may await our orb in the farther chances of being, the lore it has accumulated shall not perish, but shall survive or detach itself, a heritage beyond the shipwreck? In plainer argument; although in the immense diffusion of literary capability in these days, there may be causes tending to lower the

highest individual efforts, is not the diffusion itself a gain, and is it after all consistent with fact that the supposed causes are producing the alleged effect? That there is a law of vicissitude in the intellectual power of a nation; that, as there are years of good crop and years of bad crop in the vegetable world, so there are ages in a nation's life of super-excellent nerve and faculty, and again ages intellectually feeble, seems as satisfactory a generalization as any of the rough historical generalizations we yet have in stock; but that this law of vicissitude implies diminished capacity in the highest individuals according as the crowd increases, does not appear. The present era of British literature, counting from the year 1789, is as rich, as brilliant with lustrous names, as any since the Elizabethan era and its continuation, from 1580 to 1660; nay, if we strike out from the Elizabethan firmament its majestic twin-luminaries, Shakespeare and Bacon, *our* firmament is the more brilliantly studded—studded with the larger stars. Nothing but a morose spirit of disregard for what is round us, or an excess of the commendable spirit of affection for the past, or, lastly, an utter ignorance of the actual books of the past which we do praise, prevents us from seeing that many of the poets and other authors even of the great Elizabethan age, who retain their places in our collections, or that, still more decidedly, many of the celebrities of that later age which is spanned by Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," were but poetasters and poor creatures, compared with relative authors of the last seventy years. Test the matter roughly in what is called our current literature. What an everlasting fuss we do make about Junius and his letters! And yet there is no competent person but will admit that these letters will not stand a comparison, in any respect of real intellectual merit, with many of the leading articles which are written overnight at present by contributors to our daily newspapers, and skimmed by us at breakfast next morning.

It is, therefore, in no spirit of depre-

ciation towards our current literature, that we venture to point out certain of its wide-spread vices. The vices which we select are not those which might turn out to be the deepest and most radical; they are simply those that cannot fail to catch the eye from the extent of surface which they cover.

1. There is the vice of the Slipshod or Slovenly. In popular language it may be described as the vice of bad workmanship. Its forms are various. The lowest is that of bad syntax, of lax concatenation of clauses and sentences. It would be easy to point out faults of this kind which reappear in shoals in each day's supply of printed matter—from the verbs misnominative, and the clumsy "whiches" looking back ruefully for submerged antecedents, so common in the columns of our hasty writers, up to the unnecessarily repeated "that" after a conditional clause which some writers insert with an infatuated punctuality, and even the best insert occasionally. Should the notice of a matter so merely mechanical seem too trivial, there is, next, that form of the slipshod which consists in stuffing out sentences with certain tags and shreds of phraseology lying vague about society, as bits of undistributed type may lie about a printing-room. "We are free to confess," "we candidly acknowledge," "will well repay perusal," "we should heartily rejoice," "did space permit," "causes beyond our control," "if we may be allowed the expression," "commence hostilities"—what are these and a hundred other such phrases but undistributed bits of old speech, like the "electric fluid" and the "launched into eternity" of the penny-a-liners, which all of us are glad to clutch, to fill a gap, or to save the trouble of composing equivalents from the letters! To change the figure (see, I am at it myself!), what are such phrases but a kind of rhetorical putty with which cracks in the sense are stopped, and prolongations formed where the sense has broken short? Of this kind of slipshod in writing no writers are more guilty than those who have formed their

style chiefly by public speaking; and it is in them also that the kindred faults of synonyms strung together and of redundant expletives are most commonly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the choicest specimens of continuous slip-shod in the language are furnished by the writings of celebrated orators. How dilute the tincture, what bagginess of phraseology round what slender shanks of meaning, what absence of trained muscle, how seldom the nail is hit on the head! It is not every day that a Burke presents himself, whose every sentence is charged with an exact thought proportioned to it, whether he stands on the floor and speaks, or takes his pen in hand. And then, not only in the writings of men rendered diffuse by much speaking after a low standard, but in the tide of current writing besides, who shall take account of the daily abundance of that more startling form of slip-shod which rhetoricians call Confusion of Metaphor? Lord Castlereagh's famous "I will not now enter upon the fundamental feature upon which this question hinges," is as nothing compared with much that passes daily under our eyes in the pages of popular books and periodicals—tissues of words in which shreds from nature's four quarters are jumbled together as in heraldry; in which the writer begins with a lion, but finds it in the next clause to be a waterspout; in which icebergs swim in seas of lava, comets collect taxes, pigs sing, peacocks wear silks, and teapots climb trees.

Pshaw! technicalities all! the mere minutiae of the grammarian and the critic of expression! Nothing of the kind, good reader! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interflowing; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed as good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed, usefully enough, between matter and expression, between

thought and style; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called style resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the successive particles of the matter thought. If a writer is said to be fond of epithets, it is because he has a habit of always thinking a quality very prominently along with an object; if his style is said to be figurative, it is because he thinks by means of comparisons; if his syntax abounds in inversions, it is because he thinks the cart before he thinks the horse. And so, by extension, all the forms of slip-shod in expression are, in reality, forms of slip-shod in thought. If the syntax halts, it is because the thread of the thought has snapped, or become entangled. If the phraseology of a writer is diffuse; if his language does not lie close round his real meaning, but widens out in flat expanses, with here and there a tremor as the meaning rises to take breath; if in every sentence we recognise shreds and tags of common social verbiage—in such a case it is because the mind of the writer is not doing its duty, is not consecutively active, maintains no continued hold of its object, hardly knows its own drift. In like manner, mixed or incoherent metaphor arises from incoherent conception, inability to see vividly what is professedly looked at. All forms of slip-shod, in short, are to be referred to deficiency of precision in the conduct of thought. Of every writer it ought to be required at least that he pass every jot and tittle of what he sets down *through* his mind, to receive the guarantee of having been really there, and that he arrange and connect his thoughts in a workmanlike manner. Anything short of this is—allowance being made for circumstances which may prevent a conscientious man from always doing his best—an insult to the public. Accordingly, in all good literature, not excepting the subtlest and most exuberant poetry, one perceives a strict logic linking thought with thought. The velocity

with which the mind can perform this service of giving adequate arrangement to its thoughts, differs much in different cases. With some writers it is done almost unconsciously—as if by the operation of a logical instinct so powerful that whatever teems up in their minds is marshalled and made exact as it comes, and there is perfection in the swiftest expression. So it was with the all-fluent Shakespeare, whose inventions, boundless and multitudinous, were yet ruled by a logic so resistless, that they came exquisite at once to the pen's point, and in studying whose intellectual gait we are reminded of the description of the Athenians in Euripides—"those sons of Erechtheus always moving with graceful step through a glittering violet ether, where the nine Pierian muses are said to have brought up yellow-haired Harmony as their common child." With others of our great writers it has been notably different—rejection of first thoughts and expressions, the slow choice of a fit percentage, and the concatenation of these with labour and care.

Prevalent as slipshod is, it is not so prevalent as it was. There is more careful writing, in proportion, now than there was thirty, seventy, or a hundred years ago. This may be seen on comparing specimens of our present literature with corresponding specimens from the older newspapers and periodicals. The precept and the example of Wordsworth and those who helped him to initiate that era of our literature which dates from the French Revolution, have gradually introduced, among other things, habits of mechanical carefulness, both in prose and in verse. Among poets, Scott and Byron—safe in their greatness otherwise—were the most conspicuous sinners against the Wordsworthian ordinances in this respect after they had been promulgated. If one were willing to risk being stoned for speaking truth, one might call these two poets the last of the great slipshods. The great slipshods, be it observed; and, if there were the prospect that, by keeping silence

about slipshod, we should see any other such massive figure heaving in among us in his slippers, who is there that would object to his company on account of them, or that would not gladly assist to fell a score of the delicates with polished boot-tips in order to make room for him? At the least, it may be said that there are many passages in the poems of Scott and Byron which fall far short of the standard of carefulness already fixed when they wrote. Subsequent writers, with nothing of their genius, have been much more careful. There is, however, one form of the slipshod in verse which, probably because it has not been recognised as slipshod, still holds ground among us. It consists in that particular relic of the "poetic diction" of the last century which allows merely mechanical inversions of syntax for the sake of metre and rhyme. For example, in a poem recently published, understood to be the work of a celebrated writer, and altogether as finished a specimen of metrical rhetoric and ringing epigram as has appeared for many a day, there occur such passages as these:—

"Harley's gilt coach *the equal pair attends.*"

"What earlier school *this grand comedian rear'd?*

His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.

From learn'd closets came a sauntering sage,

Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and took by storm the age."

"All their lore
Illumes one end *for which strives all their will;*

Before their age they march invincible."

"That talk *which art as eloquence admits*

Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits."

"Let Bright *responsible for England be,*

And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see."

"All most brave
In his mix'd nature seem'd to life
to start,
When English honour roused his
English heart."

That such instances of syntax inverted to the mechanical order of the verse should occur in such a quarter, proves that they are still considered legitimate. But I believe—and this notwithstanding that ample precedent may be shown, not only from poets of the last century, but from all preceding poets—that they are *not* legitimate. Verse does not cancel any of the conditions of good prose, but only superadds new and more exquisite conditions; and that is the best verse where the words follow each other punctually in the most exact prose order, and yet the exquisite difference by which verse does distinguish itself from prose is fully felt. As, within prose itself, there are natural inversions according as the thought moves on from the calm and straightforward to the complex and impassioned—as what would be in one mood "Diana of the Ephesians is great," becomes in another, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—so, it may be, there is a *farther* amount of inversion proper within verse as such. Any such amount of inversion, however, must be able to plead itself natural—that is, belonging inevitably to what is new in the movement of the *thought* under the law of verse; which plea would not extend to cases like those specified, where versifiers, that they may keep their metre or hit a rhyme, tug words arbitrarily out of their prose connexion. If it should be asked how, under so hard a restriction, a poet could write verse at all, the answer is, "That is *his* difficulty." But that this canon of taste in verse is not so oppressive as it looks, and that it will more and more come to be recognised and obeyed, seems augured in the fact that the greatest British poet of our time has himself intuitively attended to it, and furnished an almost continuous example of it in his poetry. Repeat any even of Tennyson's lyrics,

where, from the nature of the case, obedience to the canon would seem most difficult—his "Tears, idle tears," or "The splendour falls,"—and see if, under all that peculiarity which makes the effect of these pieces, if of any in our language, something more than the effect of prose, every word does not fall into its place, like fitted jasper, exactly in the prose order. So! and what do you say to Mr. Tennyson's last volume, with its repetition of the phrase "The Table Round"? Why, I say that, when difficulty mounts to impossibility, then even the gods relent, even Rhadamanthus yields. Here it is as if the British nation had passed a special enactment to this effect:—"Whereas "Mr. Tennyson has written a set of "poems on the Round Table of Arthur "and his Knights, and whereas he has "represented to us that the phrase " 'The Round Table,' specifying the "central object about which these poems "revolve, is a phrase which no force "of art can work pleasingly into Iambic "verse, we, the British nation, considering the peculiarity of the case, "and the public benefits likely to "accrue from a steady contemplation of "the said object, do enact and decree "that we will in this instance depart "from our usual practice of thinking "the species first and then the genus, "and will, in accordance with the "practice of other times and nations, "say 'The Table Round' instead of " 'The Round Table' as heretofore." But this is altogether a special enactment.

2. There is the vice of the *Trite*. Here, at length, we get out of the region of mere verbal forms, and gaze abroad over the wide field of our literature, with a view everywhere to its component substance. We are overrun with the *Trite*. There is *Trite* to the right hand, and *Trite* to the left; *Trite* before and *Trite* behind; the view is of vast leagues of the *Trite*, inclosing little oases of true literature, as far as the eye can reach. And what is the *Trite*? It is a minor variety of what is known as *Cant*. By *Cant* is meant the repetition,

without real belief, of sentiments which it is thought creditable to profess. As the name implies, there is a certain solemnity, as of upturned eyes and a touch of song in the voice, required for true Cant. Since Johnson's time there has been no lack of denunciation of this vice. But the Trite, as less immoral, or as not immoral at all, has—with the exception, as far as we recollect, of one onslaught by Swift—escaped equal denunciation. For by the Trite is meant only matter which may be true enough, but which has been so familiarised already that it can benefit neither man nor beast to hear or read it any more. "Man is a microcosm," may have been a very respectable bit of speech once; and, if there is yet any poor creature on the earth to whom it would be news, by all means let it be brought to his door. But does such a creature exist among those who are addressed by anything calling itself literature? And so with a thousand other such sayings and references—"Extremes meet, sir;" "You mustn't argue against the use of a thing from the abuse of it;" "The exception proves the rule;" Talleyrand's remark about the use of speech; Newton gathering pebbles on the sea-shore; and, worst of all, Newton's apple. The next writer or lecturer that brings forward Newton's apple, unless with very particular accompaniments, ought to be made to swallow it, pips and all, that there may be an end of it. Let the reader think how much of our current writing is but a repeated solution of such phrases and allusions, and let him extend his view from such short specimens of the Trite, to facts, doctrines, modes of thought, and tissues of fiction, characterised by the same quality, and yet occupying reams of our literature year after year, and he will understand the nature of the grievance. What we aver is that there are numberless writers who are not at all slipshod, who are correct and careful, who may even be said to write *well*, but respecting whom, if we consider the *substance* of what they write, the report must be that they are drowning us with a deluge of the Trite.

Translated into positive language, the protest against the Trite might take the form of a principle, formally avowed, we believe, by more than one writer, and certainly implied in the practice of all the chiefs of our literature—to wit, that no man ought to consider himself entitled to write upon a subject by the mere intention to write carefully, unless he has also something new to advance. We are aware, of course, of the objection against such a principle arising from the fact that the society of every country is divided, in respect of intelligence and culture, into strata, widening as they descend—from the limited number of highly-educated spirits at the top who catch the first rays of all new thought, down to the multitude nearest the ground, to whom even Newton's apple would be new, and among whom the aphorism "Things find their level" would create a sensation. It is admitted at once that there must, in every community, be literary provision for this state of things—a popular literature, or rather a descending series of literatures, consisting of solutions more or less strong of old knowledge and of common sentiments, in order that these may percolate the whole social mass. Everything must be learnt some time; and our infants are not to be defrauded in their nurseries, nor our boys and girls in their school-time, of the legends and little facts with which they must begin as we did, and which have been the outfit of the British mind from time immemorial. But, even as respects popular and juvenile literature, the rule still holds that, to justify increase, there must be novelty—novelty in relation to the constituencies addressed; novelty, if not of matter, at least of method. Else why not keep to the old popular and elementary books—which, indeed, might often be good policy? If one could positively decide which, out of competing hundreds, was the best existing Latin school-grammar, what a gain to the national Latinity it would be, if, without infraction of our supreme principle of liberty, as applied even to grammars, we could get back to the old

English plan, have Latin taught from that one grammar in all the schools of the land, and concentrate all future talent taking a grammatical direction on its gradual improvement? Returning, however, to current literature, more expressly so-called—to the works of history, the treatises, the poems, the novels, the pamphlets, the essays, &c. that circulate from our better libraries, and lie on the tables of the educated—we might show reason for our rule even here. Allowing for the necessity even here of iteration, of dilution, of varied and long-continued administration, ere new truths or modes of thought can be fairly worked into the minds of those who read, new facts rightly apprehended, or new fancies made effective, should we not have to report a huge over-proportion of the merest wish-wash? What a reform here, if there were some perception of the principle that correct writing is not enough, unless one has something fresh to impart. What! a premium on the love of paradox; a licence to the passion for effect; more of straining after novelty? Alas! the kind of novelty of which we speak is not reached by the kind of straining that is meant, but by a process very different—not by talking right and left, and writhing one's neck like a pelican, on the chance of hitting something odd ahead; but by accuracy of silent watch, by passive quietude to many impressions, by search where others have left off fatigued, by open-air rumination and hour-long nightly reverie, by the repression again and again of paying platitudes as they rise to the lips, in order that, by rolling within the mind, they may unite into something better, and that, where now all is a diffused cloud of vapoury conceit, there may come at last the clearing flash and the tinkle of the golden drop. Think, think, think—is the advice required at present by scores of hopeful writers injuring themselves by luxury in commonplace. The freshly-evolved thought of the world, the wealth of new bud and blossom which the mind of humanity is ever putting forth—this, and not the dead wood, is what ought to be taken

account of in true literature; and the peculiarity of the case is that the rate of the growth, the amount of fresh sproutage that shall appear, depends largely on the intensity of resolution exerted. But, should the associations with the word "novelty" be incurably bad, the expression of the principle may be varied. It may be asserted, for example, that, universally, the proper material for current literature, the proper element in which the writer must work, is the material or element of the *hitherto uncommunicated*. Adapting this universal expression to literature as broken down into its main departments, we may say that the proper element for all new writing of the historical order is the hitherto unobserved or unrecollected, for all new writing of the scientific or didactic order the hitherto unexplained, for all new poetry the hitherto unimagined, for all new writing for purposes of moral and social stimulation the hitherto unadvised. There may, of course, be mixture of the ingredients.

Among the forms of the Trite with which we are at present troubled is the repetition everywhere of certain observations and bits of expression, admirable in themselves, but now hackneyed till the pith is out of them. By way of example, take that kind of imagined visual effect which consists in seeing an object defined against the sky. How this trick of the picturesque has of late been run upon in poems and novels—trees "against the blue sky," mountains "against the blue sky," everything whatever "against the blue sky," till the very chimney-pots are ashamed of the background, and beg you wouldn't mention it! And so we have young ladies seated pensively at their windows "looking out into the Infinite," or "out into the Night." Similarly there are expressions of speculative import about man's destiny and work in the world, so strong in real meaning that those who promulgated them did the world good service, but parroted now till persons who feel their import most hear them with disgust. For the very test that a truth has fallen upon a mind

in vital relation to it, is that, when reproduced by that mind, it shall be with a modification. But worse than the mere incessant reproduction of propositions and particular expressions already worn threadbare, are certain larger accompanying forms of the Trite, which consist in the feeble assumption of entire modes of thought, already exhausted of their virtue by writers in whom they were natural. As an instance, we may cite a certain grandiose habit, common of late in the description of character. Men are no longer men in many of our popular biographic sketches, but prophets, seers, volcanoes, cataracts, whirlwinds of passion—vast physical entities, seething inwardly with unheard-of confusions, and passing, all alike, through a necessary process of revolution which converts chaos into cosmos, and brings their roaring energy at last into harmony with the universe. Now he were a most thankless as well as a most unintelligent reader who did not recognise the noble power of thought, ay, and the exactitude of biographic art, exhibited in certain famous specimens of character-painting which have been the prototypes in this style—who did not see that there the writer began firmly with the actual man, dark-haired or fair-haired, tall or short, who was the object of his study; and, only when he had most accurately figured him and his circumstances, passed into that world of large discourse which each man carries attached to him, as his spiritual self, and in the representation and analysis of which, since it has no physical boundaries, all analogies of volcanoes, whirlwinds, and other space-filling agencies may well be helpful. But in the parodies of this style all is featureless; it is not men at all that we see, but supposititious beings like the phantoms which are said to career in the darkness over Scandinavian ice-plains. Character is the most complex and varied thing extant—consisting not of vague monotonous masses, but of involutions and subtleties in and in for ever; the art of describing it may well employ whole coming generations of

writers; and the fallacy is that all great painting must be done with the big brush, and that even cameos may be cut with pickaxes.

I have had half a mind to include among recent forms of the Trite the habit of incessant allusion to a round of favourite characters of the past, and especially to certain magnates of the literary series—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Goethe, and others. But I believe this would be wrong. Although we do often get tired of references to these names, and of disquisitions written about them and about them; although we may sometimes think that the large amount of our literary activity which is devoted to such mere stock-taking of what has been left us by our predecessors is a bad sign, and that we might push intellectually out on our own account more boldly if our eyes were less frequently retroverted; although, even in the interest of retrospection itself, we might desire that the objects of our worship were more numerous, and that, to effect this, our historians would resuscitate for us a goodly array of the *Dii minorum gentium*, to have their turn with the greater gods—yet, in the main, the intellectual habit of which we speak is one that has had and will have unusually rich results. For these great men of the past are, as it were, the peaks, more or less distant, that surround the plain where we have our dwelling; we cannot lift our eyes without seeing them; and no length or repetition of gaze can exhaust their aspects. And here we must guard against a possible misapprehension of what has been said as to the Trite in general. There are notions permanent and elemental in the very constitution of humanity, simple and deep beyond all power of modification, the same yesterday and to-day, incapable almost of being stated by any one except as all would state them, and which yet never are and never can be trite. How man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, how he comes from darkness and disappears in darkness again, how the good that he

would he does not and the evil that he would not still he does—these and other forms of the same conception of time and death, interwoven with certain visual conceptions of space, and with the sense of an inscrutable power beyond, have accompanied the race hitherto, as identified with its consciousness. Whether, with one philosophy, we regard these as the largest objects of thought, or, with another, as the necessary forms of human sensibility, equally they are ultimate, and those souls in which they are strongest, which can least tear themselves away from them, are the most truly and grandly human. Add the primary affections, the feelings that belong to the most common and enduring facts of human experience. In recollections of these are the touches that make the whole world kin; these give the melodies to which intellect can but construct the harmonies; it is from a soil of such simple and deep conceptions that all genius must spring. While the branches and extreme twigs are putting forth those fresh sprouts of new truth and new phantasy that we spoke of, nay, in order that this green wealth and perpetual proof of life may not fail, the roots must be *there*. And so, in literature, return as we may to those oldest facts and feelings, we need never doubt their novelty. Hear how one rude Scottish rhymers found out for himself all over again the fact that life has its sorrows, and, to secure his copyright, registered the date of his discovery:—

“Upon the sixteen hundred year
Of God and thretty-three
Frae Christ was born, wha bought us
 dear,
As writings testifie,
On January the sixteenth day,
As I did lie alone,
I thus unto myself did say,
 ‘Ah! man was made to moan.’”

3. There is the vice of the *Blasé*. In its origin the mental habit which we so name is often healthy enough—a natural reaction against the Trite. When the whole field of literature is so overrun

with the Trite; when so seldom can one take up a bit of writing and find any stroke of true intellectual action in it; when, time after time, one receives even periodicals of high repute, and, turning over their pages, finds half their articles of a kind the non-existence of which would have left the world not one whit the poorer—here an insipid mince of facts from a popular book, there a twitter of doctrinal twaddle which would weary you from your feeblest relative, and again a criticism on the old “beauty and blemish” plan of a poem long ago judged by everybody for himself; when, worse still, the Trite passes into Cant, and one is offended by knobs and gobbets of a spurious theology, sent floating, for purposes half-hypocritical, down a stream of what else would be simple silliness,—little wonder that men of honest minds find it sound economy to assume habitually a sour mood towards all literature whatever, allowing the opposite mood to develop itself rarely and on occasion. As it may be noted of bank-cashiers that, by long practice, they have learnt to survey the crowd outside the counters rather repellingly than responsively, saving their recognitions for personal friends, and any respect or curiosity that may be left in them for the bearers of very big warrants, so, and by a similar training, have some of the best of our professional critics become case-hardened to the sight of the daily world of writers, each with his little bit of paper, besieging their bar. It is not, however, of this natural callousness that we speak, but of a habit of mind sometimes beginning in this, but requiring worse elements for its formation. No one can look about him without marking the extent to which a *blasé* spirit is infecting the British literary mind. The thing is complained of everywhere under a variety of phrases—want of faith, want of earnest purpose, scepticism, poccurantism. For our purpose none of these names seems so suitable as the one we have chosen. On the one hand, the charges of “want of faith” and the like are often urged against men who have a

hundred times more of real faith and of active energy directed by that faith than those who bring the charges, and, when interpreted, they often mean nothing more than an intellect too conscientious to surround itself with mystifications and popular deceits of colour when it may walk in white light. On the other hand, by the term *Blasé* we preserve a sense of the fact that those to whom the vice is attributed, are frequently, if not generally, men of cultivated and even fastidious minds, writing very carefully and pertinently, but ruled throughout by a deplorable disposition ruinous to their own strength, restricting them to a petty service in the sarcastic and the small, and making them the enemies of everything within their range that manifests the height or the depth of the unjaded human spirit. There are, indeed, two classes of critics in whom this vice appears—the light and trivial, to whom everything is but matter for witty sparkle; and the grave and acrimonious, who fly more seriously, and carry venom in their stings. But, in both, the forms in which the spirit presents itself are singularly alike.

One form is that of appending to what is meant to be satirized certain words signifying that the critic has looked into it and found it mere imposture. "All that sort of thing" is a favourite phrase for the purpose. "Civil and religious liberty and all that sort of thing," "High art and all that sort of thing," "Young love and all that sort of thing;" is there anything more common than such combinations? Then, to give scope for verbal variety, there are such words as "Dodge" and "Business" equally suitable. "The philanthropic dodge," "The transcendental business"—so and otherwise are modes of thought and action fitted with nicknames. Now, nicknames are legitimate; the power of sneering was given to man to be used; and nothing is more gratifying than to see an idea which is proving a nuisance, sent clattering away with a hue and cry after it and a tin-kettle tied to its tail. But the practice we speak of is passing all bounds, and

is becoming a mere trick whereby a few impudent minds may exercise an influence to which they have no natural right, and abase all the more timid intelligence in their neighbourhood down to their own level. For against this trick of nicknames as practised by some of our pert gentry, what thought or fact or interest of man, from the world's beginning till now, so solemn as to be safe? The "Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, business," "the Hamlet's soliloquy dodge," "The death of Socrates, martyrdom for truth, and all that sort of thing"—where lies our security that impudence, growing omnipotent, may not reach even to heights like these? Already that intermediate height seems to be attained, where systems of thought that have occupied generations of the world's intelligence, and swayed for better or worse vast lengths of human action, are disposed of with a sneer. Calvinism figures, we dare say, as "the brimstone business;" German philosophy as "the unconditioned, and all that sort of thing;" and we may hear ere long of one momentous direction of recent scientific thought under the convenient name of "the Darwin dodge." It would be unjust to say that the *blasé* spirit, wherever it is most respectably represented, has yet become so impertinent as this; and it would be peevish to suppose that a spurt of fun may not descend occasionally as high as Orion himself without disrespect done or intended. But the danger is that, where this sarcastic mood towards contemporary efforts of thought or movements of social zeal is long kept up without some counteracting discipline, the whole mind will be shrivelled into that one mood, till all distinction of noble and mean is lost sight of, and the passing history of the human mind seems but an evolution of roguery. A Mephistopheles going about with a Faust, whistling down his grandiloquence and turning his enthusiasms into jest, is but the type perhaps of a conjunction proper to no age in particular; but, necessary as the conjunction may be, who is there that would not

rather have his own being merged in the corporate Faust of his time than be a part of the being of its corporate Mephistopheles!

A more refined manifestation of the *blasé* spirit in literature occurs in a certain cunning use of quotation-marks for the purpose of discrediting maxims and beliefs in popular circulation. A word or a phrase is put within inverted commas in a way to signify that it is quoted not from any author in particular, but from the common-place book of that great blatant beast, the public. Thus I may say "Civil and Religious Liberty," or "Patriotism," or "Toleration," or "The Oppressed Nationalities," or "Philanthropy," hedging the words in with quotation-marks, so as to hint that I, original-minded person that I am, don't mean to vouch for the ideas corresponding, and indeed, in the mighty voyage of my private intellect, have left them far behind. Now here again there is a fair and a foul side of the practice. Frequently by such a use of quotation-marks all that is meant is that a writer, having no time to adjust his own exact relations to an idea, begs the use of it in a general way for what it seems worth. Farther, when more of scepticism or sarcasm is intended, the practice may still be as fair as it is convenient. When an idea has been long in circulation, ten to one, by the very movement of the collective mind through so much of varied subsequent circumstance, it has ceased to have that amount of vital relationship to the rest of present fact and present aspiration, which would make it fully a *truth*. No harm, in such a case, in indicating the predicament in which it stands by quotation-marks; no harm if by such a device it is meant even to express more of dissent from the idea than of remaining respect for it. The visible inclosure within quotation-marks is, as it were, a mechanical arrangement for keeping a good-for-nothing idea an hour or so in the stocks. The crowd point their fingers at him; the constables will know him again; if he has any shame left, he will be off from that parish as soon as he is released. But all

depends on the discretion exercised by those who award the punishment. Where a Regan and a Cornwall are the justices, it may be a Kent, a King's Earl and messenger, that is put in the stocks; and, after his first protest, he may bear the indignity philosophically and suffer not a whit in the regard of the right-minded. And so the office of deciding what are and what are not good-for-nothing ideas is one in which there may be fatal mistakes. After all, the fundamental and hereditary articles in the creed of the blatant beast are pretty sure to have a considerable deal of truth in them; and, though it may do the old fellow good to poke him up a bit, there is a point beyond which it may be dangerous to provoke him, and sophisms had better keep out of his way. In other words, though there may be notions or feelings whose tenure is provisional, there are others which humanity has set store by for ages, and shows no need or inclination to part with yet. It is the habit of heartlessly pecking at these that shows a soul that is *blasé*. Of late, for example, it has been a fashion with a small minority of British writers to assert their culture by a very supercilious demeanour towards an idea which ought, beyond all others, to be sacred in this island—the idea of Liberty. Listen to them when this notion or any of its equivalents turns up for their notice or comment, and the impression they give by their language is that in their private opinion it is little better than clap-trap. By all that is British, it is time that this whey-faced intellectualism should be put to the blush! Like any other thought or phrase of man, Liberty itself may stand in need of re-definition and re-explication from time to time; but woe to any time in which the vague old sound shall cease to correspond, in the actual feelings of men, with the measureless reality of half their being! From the depths of the past the sound has come down to us; after we are in our graves, it will be ringing along the avenues of the future; and, in the end, it will be the test of the worth of all *our* philosophy whether this sound has been inter-

cepted or deadened by it, or only transmitted the clearer.

What in the *blasé* habit of mind renders it so hurtful to the interests of literature is that it introduces into all departments a contentedness with the proximate—i.e. with the nearest thing that will do. For real power, for really great achievement in any department of intellect, a certain fervour of feeling, a certain avidity as for conquest, a certain disdain of the petty circle within the horizon as already one's own and possessed, or, at the least, a certain quiet hopefulness, is absolutely necessary. But let even a naturally strong mind catch the contagion of the *Blasé*, and this spur is gone. The near then satisfies—the near in fact, which makes History poor and beggarly; the near in doctrine, which annuls Speculative Philosophy, and provides instead a miscellany of little tenets more or less shrewd; the near in imagination, which checks in Poetry all force of wing. I believe that this defect may be observed very extensively in our current literature, appearing in a double form. In the first place, it may be seen affecting the personal literary practice of many men of ability and culture far beyond the average, making them contented on all subjects with that degree of intellectual exertion which simply clears them of the Trite and brings them to the first remove from commonplace, and thus gradually unfitting them for the larger efforts for which nature may have intended them. There are not a few such men—the cochon-chinas of literature, as one might call them; sturdy in the legs, but with degenerate power of flight. In the second place, the same cause produces in these men and in others, when they act as critics, a sense of irritation and of offended taste (not the less mean that it is perfectly honest), when they contemplate in any of their contemporaries the gestures and evolutions of an intellect more natural than their own. The feeling is that which we might suppose in honest poultry, regarding the movements of unintelligible birds overhead: such movements do, to the

poultry, outrage all principles of correct ornithology. Let any one who wishes to understand more particularly what is meant, read the speeches of the Grecian chiefs in council in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, and then fancy how such a bit of writing would fare at the hands of many literary critics now-a-days, if it came before them anonymously. But it is, perhaps, as an influence tending to arrest the development of speculative thought, specially so called, that the distaste of so many literary men for all but the proximate operates most detrimentally. The habit of sneering at Speculative Philosophy, both name and thing, is a world too common among men who ought to know better. Sneer as they will, it has been true from the beginning of time, and will be true to the end, that the precise measure of the total intellectual worth of any man, or of any age, is the measure of the speculative energy lodged in him, or in it. Take our politics of the last twelve years for an example. How much of British political writing during these years has consisted in vilification of certain men, basing their theories on elementary principles, and styled visionaries or fanatics accordingly. And yet, if matters are well looked at, these very men are now seen to be the only men who apprehended tendencies rightly; they alone have not had to recant; and it is the others—the from-hand-to-mouth men in politics—that have turned out to be the fools.

Besides other partial remedies that there may be for the wide-spread and still spreading vice of the *Blasé* among our men of intellect, there may be in reserve, for aught we know, some form of that wholesale remedy by which Providence in many an instance hitherto has revived the jaded organisms of nations. Those fops in uniform, those loungers of London clubs and ball-rooms, who a few years ago used to be the types to our wits of manhood grown useless, from whose lips even their mother-speech came minced and clipped for very languor of life,—how in that Russian peninsula they straightened

themselves, the fighting English demigods! So, should it be the hap of our nation to find itself ere long in the probation of some such enterprise of all its strength, some such contest of life and death, as many foresee for it, little doubt that then, in the general shaking which shall ensue, fallacies shall fall from it like withered leaves, and meaner habits with them, and that then many a mind to which at present the sole competent use of pen or of voice seems to be in a splenetic service of small

sarcasm, shall receive a noble rouse for the service of the collective need. Meanwhile, in these yet clear heavens, and ere the hurricane comes that shall huddle us together, it is for any one here and there that, having escaped the general taint of cynicism, has dared to propose to himself some positive intellectual labour of the old enthusiastic sort, to secure the necessary equanimity by pre-arranged and persevering solitude.

ANNALS OF AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY THE DEAN OF ELY.

THIS is the age of Reformatories. Judges have declared against the cruelty of awarding punishment, pure and simple, to those whose chief fault is utter neglect on the part of parents to teach them what is right, or diligence in teaching them what is wrong; clergymen have preached about it; Parliaments have voted upon it; public meetings have declared against it; and, what is still better, Mettray, Redhill, and hundreds of other similar asylums for young offenders have been established, and have proved the possibility, and therefore the duty, of reforming wicked boys, instead of severely whipping them, or confining them, or hanging them. So undeniable has the reformatory success been, that we have almost ceased to hear the plausible argument that bad boys are taken care of, and honest boys left to shift for themselves. The Christian instinct of warm-hearted people long ago burst through the bonds which this argument would lay upon them, and we now see clearly enough that the argument was only a sophism, and that the real answer to it is this, that wickedness is like a loathsome infectious disease, and that to remove a bad case to a hospital is not more a kindness to the patient than an act of mercy to the

neighbourhood. In fact, the reformatory work done by the removal of a clever ringleader in wickedness is by no means to be measured by the benefit conferred upon the individual, or even by the advantage to society of having one knave transformed into an honest member; the reformation of your one knave probably breaks up a gang, and leaves many lads, who would soon have joined the same, to the more wholesome influence of their pastors and masters. Within my own knowledge, the establishment of a reformatory for a small number of boys, in the neighbourhood of a large city, almost immediately produced a marked effect upon the number of juvenile offenders brought before the magistrates.

Nevertheless, every one feels that a poor lad who has never been committed for stealing, but who is quite willing to steal if occasion offer, a young thief *in posse*, if not *in esse*, can make out something of a case against reformatories, if they shut their doors upon him as not being one of the brotherhood. Have you ever been in gaol? No. Are you a thief? Not by profession; and my doings in that way have been so small, that I scarcely deserve the name. I am afraid, my boy, you will not do for us.

But I have no objection to steal, says the boy; only try me, and you shall see that there is no bar to my becoming a thief to-morrow. Well, then, become a thief, and, when you are one, we will take you in hand and reform you.

There is enough of truth in this caricature to make us glad that there are such things as Industrial Schools and Boys' Homes, to which the passport is not juvenile crime, but rather juvenile misery and misfortune. In every large town there are many boys, (and girls too, but I am just now speaking of boys only,) who are not actually criminal, but who are very likely to become so in times of idleness, and under the influence of temptation; boys of careless parents, or bad parents; neglected orphans; boys brought up to no trade; boys who have never been educated, and who have forgotten even the smattering of knowledge they picked up at the National School; boys who play at pitch-farthing at street-corners, or hang about railway stations, or sweep crossings, or beg for coppers, or do anything else but work for an honest livelihood and prepare themselves to become honest men and good citizens. What is to be done for these boys? The true philosophy of healing involves a careful diagnosis of the disease. In this case the disease is, fundamentally, idleness; the cure is industry. The idleness is in a certain sense artificial; the industry must be artificial too.

It was with such views as these that, some years ago, a school was established in Cambridge under the name of the Cambridge Industrial School. The school is still flourishing and virtually doing a great deal of reformatory work. Many boys who have been in the school are now well-conducted, useful men; not a few owe to the training which they received in it all that they are, and all that they hope to be; and some of the cases are so striking, that I think many of the readers of this magazine will thank me for putting before them the simple annals of several poor lads, which they will find a little further on.

First, however, let me say a few words

concerning the organization and principles of the school in question. I will speak of it with as much fairness as it is possible to speak of a child which you have nursed from the cradle, and watched through its teething and other infantine infirmities; and I would say, once for all, that whatever good may have come from the school, is due (under God) not so much to its organization as to the superlative qualifications for the work possessed by the master whom the managers were fortunate enough to engage. I can easily conceive that an Industrial School might be established, apparently upon the same principles as that at Cambridge, and might fail; I have no doubt there are fit men to be had; only it must be remembered that the qualifications are such as can hardly be gained by training. With regard to some of them, at least, the Industrial Master *nascitur, non fit*.

The Cambridge Industrial School was intended for about fifty boys; and sometimes there have been more than that number in attendance—generally less. The boys may or may not be criminal; inquiry is of course made as to their history, but no objection is made on the score of not possessing a certificate of roguery. The school has about six or seven acres of land in spade cultivation, and the working of this land is the staple occupation of the boys. The land is a cold, heavy clay, and was terrible work for the boys at first, but it has given way to the general reformatory influences of the place, and is now very manageable and docile. Besides the field or garden work, there is a workshop, in which the boys pursue the useful occupations of tailoring and shoemaking, becoming snips or snobs according to fancy—only with this reservation, that a boy who has once declared for breeches must not go to boots, nor *vice versa*. Further industrial employment is afforded by a greenhouse; and there is a tolerably extensive piggery, the inmates of which may indeed be regarded as liberal subscribers to the institution, and amongst its most energetic supporters.

In addition to the workshop there are two rooms, one for the feeding of the mind, the other for that of the body. A certain portion of each day is passed in the former occupation, under the direction of the head master, who also superintends the outdoor exercises: this is an essential part of the plan—the field and the school act and react upon each other: the former is the place for exercising the virtues instilled in the latter, and any faults which appear in the field can be discussed and corrected afterwards in school. The feeding is confined to one meal a day. I do not mean that the boys eat no more; but only one meal is provided by the school funds; whatever else is necessary to support life the boys are obliged to find for themselves. Hence there is small temptation to enter the school on false pretences; the maxim of little to eat and plenty to do, serves to keep away all those who are not proper subjects for the school's reformatory operations.

The admission is entirely free. In the first instance a small payment was demanded,—twopence per week; and I remember the case of a sturdy boy who used to work hard at the school all day, and then go round with a basket calling "Trotters!" through the streets of Cambridge all the evening in order to pay his school fee and find himself breakfast. But it was found, after some experience, that the payment of twopence per week excluded many whom it was desirable, above all others, to take in, and the rule was consequently abrogated.

The school has been open for exactly ten years. During this period nearly 400 boys have passed through it. These have remained for longer or shorter times, as the case might be: some attending regularly for several years; others coming for a time, then getting work, then returning when work is not to be had—a practice encouraged by the managers, and which has kept many a poor lad out of mischief; others again coming for a short time, and then, on finding steady work and cleanliness too much for them, returning to idleness and dirt. Thirty-four are serving her

Majesty in the army, fourteen in the navy, and for about fifty of the number good situations have been obtained through the agency of the school. I cannot pretend to weigh exactly the successes against the failures. I know that there have been some of the latter; I am equally sure that there have been many of the former; and even in cases which have seemed to the Committee and the master of the school quite hopeless, a seed may have been sown which should spring up afterwards. This was, in fact, demonstrated to be possible in a recent case. A boy, regarded as nearly the worst whom the school ever received, and who left the school without giving the master a ray of hope, has lately written a letter from India, in a new strain, announcing that he is acting as Scripture Reader in the regiment to which he belongs.

I ought to add that, during the ten years of the school's existence, the head master has been the same, the shoemaking-master the same, and the tailoring-master was the same till about two years ago, when he obtained preferment in one of the Colleges.

So much for the machinery of the school, which I have compressed into as short a space as possible, for fear of wearying my readers, and in order that I may carry them forward as quickly as possible to that part of my paper upon which I chiefly depend for any interest which may attach to it. Indeed I should hardly have ventured to draw the still life picture of the school, if I had not been able to add some sketches of the inmates, which can hardly fail to be deemed striking: some portions of the sketches will have the additional interest of being drawn by the industrial boys themselves.

I proceed, then, to give an account of some of the boys, and extracts from letters received from them: there are obvious reasons why, in some cases, the names ought not to be given, and, as they cannot be given in some, I shall withhold them in all, designating the boys by their numbers on the school register.

No. 1 was the first boy admitted

into the school. He was an intelligent lad, and as such had been employed as a monitor and assistant in a national school; he was tempted by his love of books to steal a considerable number belonging to the school library, and was ejected in consequence. Having thus lost his character, he was picked up by the Industrial School, where he remained for about two years, when he was recommended, in consequence of his good conduct, to a tradesman in Cambridge. He remained in his place for some time, but told his master from the first that he longed to be a soldier, and intended to enlist when a favourable opportunity offered. At length the opportunity came; he enlisted into a cavalry regiment, and served in the Crimea. From the Crimea he wrote the most affectionate letters to the school, with many inquiries about his former companions. At the close of the war he was selected as the *best-behaved private* of his regiment, and sent by Government for two years' training at Maidstone. He went out to India, after training, as corporal, and last Christmas was promoted to be a sergeant. I have several letters from him before me; in the last, dated Bangalore, he says, "I suppose the 'school has a very smart appearance 'by this time; and I do hope I shall 'not be very long before I am able to 'give you a call." In the midst of the terrible Crimean winter campaign, he found time to use his pencil, with which he was very clever, in drawing a picture of himself in his sentry-box, which he sent to the school with many inquiries concerning his old companions.

No. 16 is a very remarkable case. My first acquaintance with this boy was made, after evening service, in a church in which I had been officiating. He was brought before me as a culprit who had been disturbing the congregation, and was admonished and discharged. He was then quite a small boy. Growing in time to be a big one, he became a very rough and turbulent fellow; was known as the bully of the parish, and was the terror of all quiet

and orderly folks. A country girl, who lived as servant with the master, threatened to give notice if No. 16 continued in the school; she said he was "such a terrible swearer, she could not bear it." This was when he first came to the school. After being in the school some months, he and another boy (now a well-conducted married man) had a pitched battle. The master threatened expulsion, and they both begged pardon, and promised to do so no more. Better days now dawned; No. 16 improved rapidly; in less than two years from his admission he was made assistant to the master, and proved most valuable. His great strength and determined character were now turned to good account; the roughest boys found their master; and when they told him that they could not leave off this or that bad habit, he was able to tell them, from his own experience, that he knew it could be done. He now became a Sunday-school teacher. This was too much for his old companions; they ridiculed him in the streets and pelted him. He told the master in distress, that he *must* turn upon them some day and give them a thrashing or get one himself. The master told him all his work would be undone if he did so, and No. 16 restrained himself. Any one who knew the fire of his eye and the strength of his arms would understand how much this forbearance cost him. One day a Colonial Bishop saw him superintend a large gang of boys at field-work, was struck by his skill and power of managing his gang, and carried him off as a catechist to his distant diocese, where he is doing honour to his Christian profession, and justifying the Bishop's choice. I have abundance of this young man's letters before me as I write. They are in every way well written; they are full of affection to his old master; they breathe a genuine missionary spirit; and, as I read them, I say to myself, Is it possible that the writer can be that wild, fierce lad, whom I remember ten years ago in the Industrial School?

No. 24, a fatherless lad, came to the

school a cripple, with crutch and stick. He was set upon his legs by the management of a medical gentleman, who chanced to call at the school and perceived his crippled condition; and the same operation was performed for him morally by the school: for, having earned a good character, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, by help of friends whom he had gained while at school, and on easy terms in consequence of the knowledge of the trade which he had already acquired. He is now a good workman, subscribes annually to the funds of the Industrial School, and helps to support a widowed mother.

No. 57 was a boy the complete treatment of whose case was beyond the appliances of the school. He had a bad father and an infamous stepmother, who taught him to steal. He came to the school as young as he could be according to the rules, but had already been in prison several times, and was in prison several times afterwards. Altogether, the magistrates had him before them fifteen times! Notwithstanding this tendency to steal, the master of the school spoke well of him, and, indeed, said that anything might be done with him, if he had only a fair chance; and when I went to see him in gaol, the governor gave the same account of him. The Industrial School had not the means of taking him entirely away from temptation for a time, and the good resolutions of the day were destroyed by the bad home influences of evening. After he had been liberated from gaol for the last time, a lady who supports a private reformatory, and whose name may be guessed by those versed in reformatory matters, but shall not be revealed by me, offered, in the kindest manner possible, to receive a boy from the school if there chanced to be one to whom an absolute removal to a reformatory would be beneficial. No. 57 was precisely the case and accordingly No. 57 was sent to the reformatory, in which he realized the best hopes that had been formed of him, and was eventually sent to America by his kind patroness, where he is

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flourishing as assistant in a large store, and seems likely to become a substantial Yankee. This boy frequently writes to the schoolmaster in the most affectionate terms.

I give one extract. Referring to a domestic affliction in the master's family, he writes:—"Gladly would I, if I was near you, do all I could for you; for I feel as if I could not do enough to pay for the kindness you always showed towards me: but I hope that I shall have the privilege, some time, to do you a kindness in some way or other. I was very glad indeed to hear such an account of —. I know it must cheer your heart to hear such accounts of the boys that have been with you, and that you can see that your labour was not in vain. I know that, had you cast me off, I should have been a ruined man."

No. 60 is the son of a shoemaker in Cambridge, a first-rate workman, who had an unfortunate dislike to maintain his wife and family, and positively went to prison, and afterwards to the Union workhouse, rather than support them. The boy was very ill-behaved at times, intensely fond of smoking, and much addicted to bad language. However, he improved very considerably; and at length, through the efforts of the Committee, was apprenticed in Her Majesty's navy. He writes to the master with the same warm affection that characterises other letters of which I have spoken; and in one of his letters, from Plymouth, he says,—"I should very much like to come to Cambridge for two days, but I shall not have money enough, as I am very happy to tell you that I have done what I know I am right to do; that is, to assist my mother, which I have felt a great deal since I have been at sea; and I feel just as well as if I had the money myself, for I should only spend it in waste, and be no better for it. I have left £1 every month for this last twelvemonth, and that is ever since I have been able to do so."

No. 68 was a very bad boy before coming to the school. The master frequently received petitions that he would punish him for misdemeanours in the

parish where he lived; but this he deemed to be out of his jurisdiction; on one occasion, however, having committed an offence within the school, the master punished him very severely, and with such effect as to produce an almost immediate change. The lad's improvement was so marked, that the master felt justified in recommending him to a lady who wanted a servant-boy; he behaved himself in the situation admirably for three years, when he moved into a family of distinction, in which he is now living as butler, and from which he writes to the master with the feelings of a child to a father.

No. 110 came from the National School, to the great joy of the master of the same, who said that he could do nothing with him, nor make anything of him. However, he soon began to improve, and was taken out by Archdeacon Mackenzie, a warm friend of the school and member of its committee, to Natàl, where he is still, and bears an excellent character.

This list might be easily extended; but it is already long enough for its purpose. It does not prove that an industrial school is sufficient to reform all the juvenile population of a large town, but it certainly shows that it may be the means of doing great good, and that many a poor lad may be lifted by its agency from misery and criminality. Nor is it a very expensive piece of machinery: the only expensive part of the business is the supply of dinners to the boys, and, in the most extravagant times, I believe, the price of a dinner has never mounted up to twopence, while it has generally been much less: and the appearance of the school on the outskirts of the town, with its neat

garden, and busy workshops, and gang of industrious lads, whose faces show clearly enough what would be their employment if they were not there, is a sight to do good to the hearts of the inhabitants. Indeed, if the question be regarded from an entirely financial point of view, and the expense of the school be set against the expense of prosecuting the boys and keeping them in gaol, I have no doubt that an industrial school far more than pays itself. Yet, after all, the success turns very much upon the master, as might be expected from the reason of the thing, and as any one would perceive, who visited the Cambridge Industrial School, or who examined the letters which I have had before me while writing this paper, and from which I have given a few extracts. It is the combination of extreme kindness of heart, and true Christian devotion to a great work, with a clear head and iron determination to be obeyed, that can alone ensure success. It is manifest from their own letters, that every one of the boys, whose cases I have chronicled above, look upon the master as their father, and upon the school as the home of their best feelings. The same sentiment has ever pervaded the school. Poor lads! many of them never knew much of parental kindness and of home affections, until they found these blessed influences there. What is to be done, said I one day to an Inspector of Schools, who was bemoaning the depravity of much of the juvenile population in his district—what is to be done to bring about an improvement? We must find a number of men, was the answer, like the master of your Industrial School.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT OF 1860.

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN accordance with a custom established for some years past, the following lines were written, by request, before the event of the contest. Whether they had a Tyrtæan effect may be doubted: their prophetic attributes cannot be denied. The allusions are of a local nature, but the general interest excited by the race may justify their insertion. It may be well to remind our readers of the names of the oarsmen, and their position in the boat.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. S. HEATHCOTE, Trinity. | 6. B. N. CHERRY, Clare. |
| 2. H. J. CHAYTOR, Jesus. | 7. A. H. FAIRBAIRN, Trinity. |
| 3. D. INGLES, Trinity. | 8. J. HALL, Magdalene. |
| 4. J. S. BLAKE, Corpus. | J. T. MORLAND, Trinity, |
| 5. M. COVENTRY, Trinity Hall. | <i>Coxswain.</i> |

SOME twenty years back, o'er his nectar one day,
King Jove to the gods in Olympus did say :—
" Degenerate mortals, it must be confessed,
Grow smaller each year round the arm and the chest.
Not ten modern navvies together could swing
The stone that great Ajax unaided did fling.
They may talk of their Heenan, and Paddock, and Nat :
I'll bet that old Milo, though puffy and fat,
Would thrash the whole ring, should they come within range,
From slashing Tom Sayers to sneaking Bill Bainge.
I've determined, as plain as the staff of a pike,
To show to the world what a man should be like.
Go fetch me some clay : no, not that common stuff,
But the very best meerschaum—and fetch me enough.
I'll make eight hearty fellows, all muscle and bone,
Their average weight shall be hard on twelve stone ;
With shoulders so broad, and with arms so well hung,
So lithe in the loins, and so sound in the lung ;
And because I love Cambridge, my purpose is fixed, I
Will make them her crew in the year eighteen sixty."

Stand by me, dear reader, and list to my song,
As our boat round Plough-corner comes sweeping along.
I'll point out each hero, and tell you his name,
His college, his school, and his titles to fame.
No fear of a crowd ; towards the end of the course
They have left all behind but a handful of horse.
To keep at their side on the gods you must call
For the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall.

One stroke, and they're on us. Quick ! Left face, and double !
Look hard at the bow ; he is well worth the trouble.

'Tis Heathcote, the pride of First Trinity Club,
The boast of our eight, and the tale of our tub.
No Oxonian so gay but will tremble and wince
As he watches the oar of our gallant Black Prince.

Who can think on that morn without sorrow and pain
When valour proved futile, and skill was in vain?
As they watched the light jerseys all swimming about,
The nymphs of the Thames, with a splash and a shout,
Cried, "Thanks to rude Boreas, who, wishing to please us,
Has sent to our arms Harry Chaytor of Jesus."

Next comes David Ingles, and long may he live,
Adorned with each laurel our river can give.
Had the Jews seen our David but once on the throne,
They would not have thought quite so much of their own.
Deign then to accept this my humble petition,
And make me your chief and your only musician:
And so, when you've passed, as you will do with ease,
I'll sing you, my David, a Song of Degrees.

Oh, blame not the bard if at thought of his section
The blood in his temples with vanity tingles:
Who would not dare deeds worth a world's recollection
With a sergeant like Heathcote, a corporal like Ingles.

Old Admiral Blake, as from heaven he looks down,
Bawls out to his messmates—"You lubberly sinners,
Three cheers for my namesake! I'll bet you a crown
He'll thrash the Oxonians as I thrashed the Mynheers."

Here's Coventry next, but not Patmore, no, no!
Not an "angel" at all, but a devil to row.
Should Louis Napoleon next August steam over,
With scarlet-breeched Zouaves, from Cherbourg to Dover,
We'll send him to Coventry: won't he look blue,
And wish he was back with his wife at St. Cloud?

A problem concerning the man who rows six,
Puts many high wranglers quite into a fix:
James Stirling himself, as he candidly owns,
Can't conceive how a Cherry can have thirteen stones.

But oh for the tongue of a Dizzy or Cairns,
Thou fairest and strongest of Trinity's bairns,
To tell how your fellow-collegians in vain
Of the veal and the Peter-house pudding complain,
Of the greasy old waiters, and rotten old corks,
And the horrors that lurk 'twixt the prongs of the forks.
Men point to your muscles, and sinews, and thews, sir,
The wonder and envy of many a bruiser;
And say that our grumbling exceeds all belief,
So well have you thriven on Trinity beef.

But how shall I worthily celebrate you,
The hope of our colours, the joy of our crew?
Shall I sing of your pluck, or the swing of your back,
Or your fierce slashing spurt, most redoubtable Jack?
The world never saw such a captain and cargo
Since Jason pulled stroke in the good ship the Argo.
And oh, when you pass to the mansions above,
Look down on your Cambridge with pity and love!

Then, on some future day of disaster and woe,
When the wash surges high, and our fortunes are low,
When Oxford is rowing three feet to our two,
And victory frowns on the flag of light blue,
Oh, then may our captain in agony call
On the 'varsity's guardian angel, Jack Hall!

You may search the whole coast from Land's End to North Foreland,
But where will you find such a steersman as Morland?
Just look at him peering, as sharp as a rat,
From under his rum little shaggy black hat.
Let all honest Cambridge men fervently pray
That our pet Harrow coxswain, for once in a way,
Though as valiant a sergeant as any we know,
On Saturday next may show back to the foe.

So at night, when the wine-cups all mantling are seen
(Whatever the mantling of wine-cups may mean),
With your temper at ease, and your muscles unstrung,
And your limbs 'neath the table right carelessly flung,
As you press to your lips the beloved nut-brown clay,
So cruelly widowed for many a day:
Oh, then as one man may the company rise,
With joy in their hearts, and with fire in their eyes,
Pour out as much punch as would set her afloat,
And drink long and deep to our conquering boat!

March 24th, 1860.

LOCH-NA-DIOMHAIR—THE LAKE OF THE SECRET.

A HIGHLAND FLIGHT.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

I.

HOW WE SET OUT FOR IT—ICKERSON AND I.

DOWN on the little rustic landing-pier
before Inversneyd Hotel, by Loch-
Lomond edge, my friend Ickerson and
I had sought a few minutes' breathing-
time for private consultation in an
unexpected dilemma; which, however
absurd, was real. Ere many more
minutes elapsed, our present refuge
would be taken from us; though at
that instant it was the sole spot, round
the noisy falls made classical by Words-
worth, and the noisier place of entertain-
ment for tourists, where we could hope
to hear each other, or arrange our

necessary plans of departure. A sudden
occurrence had just rendered that de-
parture indispensable, nay, required that
it should be immediate; if possible, with-
out even the delay we now made; above
all, without so much as re-entering the
door of the hotel. Yet not only was
our modest bill to be settled, and the
few travelling encumbrances of one of
us to be regained from the lobby-table;
we had also to consider our first steps of
escape, the most critical of all, and for a
brief space to deliberate as to the precise
track that must be taken, by now recur-
ring to our only clue in the matter. This
clue was to be found in the letter of
our mutual friend, Moir from London,
whom we were to join at a certain spot

which he thus indicated and described: the letter was fortunately in my possession still, and over it were we here holding council. On Ickerson's part, with the help of "a few post-jentacular inhalations," as he in his colossal manner was pleased to phrase it, "from that fragrant weed which so propitiates clearness of thought, and tends to promote equanimity in action." For me, I was too conscious of the energy our situation demanded, to share any such indulgence. The action, not the equanimity, was what our peculiar circumstances then required. As the prompt cigar to the contemplative meerschaum, so were we to each other.

"To think," broke out my companion, meditatively, "that he should have taken the same direction as ourselves—joining these snobbish pedestrians, too, at such an early hour—and without Mrs. Blythe and the other ladies, whom—"

"Whom, you may depend upon it," I interrupted with impatience, "the droskies from the Trosachs Inn will bring up behind him, in ten minutes more, luggage and all. Then, do you see that smoke yonder, through the haze on the water?" I pointed emphatically down the lake. "That is the first steamer from Balloch, of course, which will soon pour on this spot a whole mob from Glasgow—yes, *Glasgow*," repeated I, significantly eyeing my friend. "I now see it all! He expected Glasgow friends, don't you recollect? He expected *one* in particular—have you forgot *whom*?" And it was evident, despite Ickerson's wished-for equanimity (strictly speaking, a disposition to *improptitude* in cases of action), that he began to shudder; while my own uneasiness did not prevent me from pushing the advantage thus obtained over his too lethargic nature. "Yes; it was M'Killop, whom he must have come on to meet, and to concert with as to choice of summer quarters. The moment the steamer's paddles are heard, he'll be down to welcome him—M'Killop will see us at once, even if Trellington Blythe should not—both will recognise us—both be surprised—both be on

the scent. After which, all is of course lost!"

"Horrible! True. Very disagreeable and awkward, I must say," responded my friend; for once lowering that censor-like appurtenance of his, with one of his least phlegmatic or provokingly-placid expressions of countenance. "For really, after all Dr. Blythe's own openness and manifest inclination to our society, we did leave him somewhat abruptly, perhaps, at the Trosachs yesterday forenoon; without making him aware, either, of the intention, which, by the way, my dear Brown," remarked Ickerson gravely, "I did not know till you stated it just before. Much less, that Moir had described his whereabouts to you."

A mild reproach was designed, but I affected unconsciousness of it; not even smiling as I echoed this remorseful strain. "The worst of it was," I reminded him, "it might seem a base advantage to take, that we walked off on a Sabbath afternoon, when the doctor and his family were absent at kirk, as became his public character and standing. I do not understand a Gaelic service, however orthodox my turn of mind, whereas *you*, you know, though suspected of latitudinarian views, are quite familiar with the tongue." At this home-thrust, again did Ickerson wince: he looked uncomfortably over his shoulder to the Inversneyd Hotel, where our learned fellow-citizen and late inmate at the Trosachs was despatching breakfast, all unconscious of our abject vicinity to him: then in front, toward the growing vapour which brought M'Killop, he gazed with a dismay far more apparent.

The truth was, I had felt doubtful up to the last moment of Ickerson. Happily, Sundays do fall amongst the Trosachs, and after unintentionally encountering the Blythe party there, we had availed ourselves without much consideration of that circumstance, together with our needing no vehicles, to take far more than the proper seventh-day's journey in advance of our estimable acquaintance. I myself had inferred,

too hastily, that he was to retrace his steps toward the direction of Loch Tay and Dunkeld. A most estimable person is Dr. Trellington Blythe, F.S.A. and Ph.D. Heid; and at home we knew him particularly well, but never had suspected him of the condescension of a Highland tour, or of his betaking himself to fishing; much less of his looking out for good, retired summer quarters for himself and family, "in some secluded district of the mountain country, contiguous to water—within reach of agreeable acquaintance—yet not hackneyed, not hackneyed, sir." Such, nevertheless, had been his confidential words to us, in MacGregor's baronial-looking hostelry by Loch-Katrine, while we took our last evening rummer of Glen-Dronach toddy near him; he confining himself, as usual, to soda-water, and several times, with a frown, sniffing at the nicotine odour of Ickerson's clothes. For it must be said that the latter is singularly regardless of people's prejudices, even in sundry other uncouth traits: yet, strangely enough, there is a favour for him none the less universal among his acquaintances, Dr. T. B. included; still more, perhaps, Mrs. T. B., a very pretty-looking woman with highly æsthetic tastes. When agreeable society was referred to, that lady had not failed to glance our way; as if it were a pity we were but pedestrianizing in a transient manner, without aim or purpose beyond an occasional day's fishing near the road. In fact, we had not indicated any purpose at all. Far from Ickerson's knowing at the time that we had one, I was aware of his easy temperament, his too-passive or too-transient disposition, over which a superior will possessed great influence; and even to him also, I had as yet concealed my knowledge of our friend Moir's discovery; I had expressed an interest in the same scenery, towards Dunkeld, which the Blythes had in contemplation, with a similar desire to behold the tomb of Rob Roy in passing, and probably explore the rude vicinity of Loch Earn, then to witness the Celtic games of St. Fillan's. The reality was, I well knew the difficulty

of escape from that peculiar instinct, if once set upon our track, which pertains to one whom I may call a philanthropic Beagle—delicacy forbidding the word Bore.

Yet here was Trellington Blythe again, after all my pains, most imminently at hand in the hotel coffee-room, snatching a hasty luncheon before he issued forth. Genially fraternizing with a whole band of eager tourists from the road, whose knapsacks, and wide-awakes, and volumes of Scott and Wordsworth, had scared us both as they rushed in upon the *débris* of our glorious Highland breakfast; though Ickerson had only gazed his supine dismay, indiscriminately regarding them, till I perceived the direr apparition behind, and drew him with me in our retreat by an opposite door. Somewhat unprepared for immediate renewal of active measures we were, it must be owned; at least in my friend's case. Since Ickerson's personal vigour and capacity for exertion, combined with a singular faculty for abstinence when needful, are proportionate to his stature and his thews, rendering, perhaps, indispensable on his part those few ruminative whiffs. I could well have spared, certainly, that formal replenishment of a meerschaum resembling a calumet, that careful replacement of the ashes, and that scrupulous ignition, that studious consciousness of every fume. Was it possible that he had hesitated to support me, till I had fortunately recollected the certain advent of M'Killop that very day?—did a hankering still possess him after the Egyptian fleshpots of Mrs. Blythe and her elegant cousins, heedless of the doctor's own educational theories, and his feeling remarks on nature? Could he so forget what was at stake in the prospect of that delicious solitude which Moir had lit upon, and to which at that moment we alone possessed the key? Could it possibly enter into his mind to avoid further ambiguity in the affair by his usual absurd candour, and, for the sake of future relations with the Trellington Blythes, to propose allowing them the opportunity, so much after their own

hearts, of sharing our expected delight? I declare, if so, that then and there I could savagely have quarrelled with him, despite our long, close friendship, had not the simple fact about Mr. McKillop saved me. The editor of the *Daily Tribune* is a man whom, though I dislike, I do not fear. Whereas the intense repugnance towards him, almost the superstitious dread, entertained by Mark Ickerson, with all his equanimity, is something unaccountable. We were both aware that Mr. McKillop had a wife and many daughters, that the parliamentary season was just about over, and the dearth of news to be made up for by sporting matters alone; so when it struck me like a flash of lightning that he too was on the outlook for summer quarters, with the desire to lodge his family where the *Tribune* might still be cared for amidst his own race and original language, need it be wondered that I avowed the conviction to Ickerson, or that Ickerson was utterly overcome?

Urged by haste, though inwardly triumphant, I had but to take out again our London friend's epistle from Loch-na-Diomhair; and for Ickerson's benefit, while he suspended his meerschaum anxiously, to retrace the considerate chart of our way which the postscript contained. Its first bearings and guide-marks were identically before us from that spot, far over amongst the sinewy mountain-shoulders which press from westward on the lake, reflected below more softly; above, too, in the Alps of Arrochar that overpeak these, remote beyond record even in that magic mirror. It was a blessed picture still farther in the unseen background, which the letter itself conjured up; the ecstatic affirmation from Frank Moir of an absolute Highland Arcadia undetected by guide-books, which, allowing for some accidental rose-colour of a personal kind, he was not yet too much cockneyfied to appreciate; while, to us, in our holiday escape from rote and toil, from the weary hack-round and daily trouble, it was a precious refreshment to hear of. To one of us, lately fagged to the ut-

most, and bitterly disciplined by experience, it was a longing, desperate necessity of the very life and brain, the heart and soul. We now certified ourselves there, that we had only to ferry across forthwith, then hold those peaks upon a certain side, and then the way afterwards was scarcely to be mistaken; until we should perceive that other mountain, of shape unique and indubitable position, which overshadowed the very entrance to the secluded glen of the Macdonochies. I myself, pure Goth as I was, had some practice in Highland wanderings; as to Ickerson, he was an Islesman, familiar from youth with the tongue of the Gael as with his school Latin or college Greek, almost his daily German; claiming distant Celtic blood, actually pretending, in his slow, elephantine, Teutonic humour, to "have a Tartan," with right to the kilt and eagle's feather. Though stamped by name and aspect, as by inner nature, true son of old Scandinavian sea-riders, having the noble viking always in him, sometimes the latent Berserkir like to flash forth; otherwise inexperienced, impractical, the mere abstracted quietist, who might use the eyes and help the active energy of a companion that knew the world.

It was hot already. By the nearest route it must be a good long afternoon's tramp for us, even from the opposite shore of Benlomond, where the light would glare and the heat would broil above us. As for fear of weather or change, it had varied too long before, for any fear of it now from *me*; although Ickerson looked up into the very brightness of the sky, and away at some mist about the distinctest mountains, saying, in his queer, quasi-prophetic manner, that it would rain to the west. I only set some store by him in the matter, because he none the less resolutely put up his pipe, stretched his large limbs, and rose, professing himself ready. *He*, indeed! the half-abstracted, half-sagacious monster of good luck that I have often found him!—it was not *he* who needed to go back into the hotel lobby, facing the full glare of those spectacles in the sunlight,

before we could again abscond ; for he invariably had borne his fishing-rod about with him in the compendious form of that huge walking-staff which he now struck upon the ground so promptly, and his plaid was always over his shoulder, enveloping in one fold that simple oilskin parcel of his. It was not he who had become responsible to the waiter for our charges, nor who had left his well-compacted *impedimenta*, with every essential of pedestrian comfort, on the hall table ; and despite his solemn consternation at the reiterated statement, it is impossible to get rid of a belief, from one scarce perceptible twinkle of his eye, that the hypocrite enjoyed it. "Being conscious of my own deficiencies in the practical department," said he, with that provoking Oradian accent, occasionally similar to a snuffle, "I have to guard against them, or rather, my worthy aunt and cousins have ;" uplifting and surveying his whole outfit with an air of innocent satisfaction. "But would *he*—the doctor, I mean—seeing *you* alone, my dear Brown, do you think, be so eager to accost you as you suppose ? To wish to—that is, to persevere in having you of his party—that is to say, I—as you feel it disagreeable—perhaps he may not, in fact, care for your proximity and a—a—what particular exploration you might contemplate ?"

It is true, as the fellow naïvely showed himself aware, Ickerson was the chief magnet to the Blythe party in general ; nor am I sure to this moment that the inestimable doctor likes me at bottom. Well knowing, therefore, that I could trust myself alone, even with Trellington Blythe, I at once cut the knot by providing that my companion should forthwith skirt the lake towards the ferry-boat, while I, at every hazard, would boldly rush up to the hotel. Struck by a sudden thought at Ickerson's departure, however, I lingered instead upon the pier, as the steamer came plashing up. Already the doctor's voice was conspicuous from the other side, hurrying down among other tourists ; but the sharp-prowed "Lady-of-the-Lake" was quicker than he or I had calculated ;

sending an eddy before her to my very feet, when, with a roar, and a hiss, and a clamour, she came sheering round to float broadside in. The first face I discerned was that of M'Killop of the *Daily Tribune*, high on one paddle-box, through the steam which contrasted with his sandy whiskers, carpet-bag and umbrella in hand, firmly looking for the shore. His eye was in a moment upon me ; but the motley crowd were scarce begun to be disgorged, ere, with a presence of mind I still plume myself upon, I had turned and hastened up in the van of the confusion ; meeting right in the face, of course, as if newly arrived from Glasgow, with the good Trellington Blythe. It was the work of a few seconds to make my hurried and broken explanation as he stumbled against me—to mutter a reply to his alarmed inquiry about Ickerson—to nod assent to his hope of further leisure together in the hotel—and then, leaving him to meet his friend, to dash in for my indispensables, settle with the waiter, and once more escape, breathless, to the ferry-place. There the stout-built Highland boatmen, of pudgy shapes, with foxy faces, were at their oars. Ickerson was seated, calmly waiting, beside a rustic female of carroty locks, with a suckling baby, whose unreserved relations he mildly regarded, in his own placid, all-tolerating, catholic manner, dabbling his hand alongside the while.

Why must we thus wait still, though ? Why, leaving the honorary stern sheets vacant, and the helm untouched, must I pass into the forepart also, beside nursing rustics ? "Somepotty is be coming," it seems, from the boatman, "off impoartanze." Was the place bespoken then ? Was it engaged beforehand ? They stare at me. "Aye, this two day, Hoo, Aye !" "Some superior person," gravely whispers Ickerson, "from Glasgow, by the steamer." We were mutually appalled by the same idea : especially as I saw M'Killop's form with the doctor, over the edge of the little pier, absorbed in conversation behind the throng, in rear of a whole stalking procession of

females with hats and feathers. Doubtless the M'Killop family! All so near, that, as we crouch, we can hear the sound of their voices across the smooth little bay; and, out of sight myself, I can still see the distinct, warmer reflection of that able editor's gestures—nay, what was not before visible, the very under-brim of his furry hat, the bristling sandiness under his full chin. He had, on a sudden, a staring-white paper in his hand, and, looking at it curiously, gave it to Trellington Blythe, who peered into it also; till they both looked round and round. Yet, to our joy, we were unobserved; indeed, as they were departing towards the hotel, we saw further proof that it was none of them the boat delayed for. A groom from the steamer, carrying a gun-case, leading two fine setters, came and stepped into the boat beside us: followed at greater leisure by two gentlemen, both young, one pleasant-faced and with a military air, his accents English; the other under-browed and Celtic, though darkly handsome, with a sulky hauteur, jealous and half awkward, that checked his friend's designed complaisance towards ourselves. We sat unheeded, therefore; while at an abrupt motion of the hand from that glooming young Gael, the rowers stretched out, and he took the tiller to steer us across for Bealach-More. Strange to say, it was the Englishman who wore a costume like a chief's, while the Celt wore the fashionable garb of to-day.

"The Macdonochy, nevertheless," murmured Ickerson to me. "The young chief, that is to say, of the Macdonochies." I stared. It was to the land of the Macdonochies we were bound. "*Which?*" I whispered back—"He with the kilt and feather?" "No. With the long Noah's-ark frock-coat, the peg-top trousers, the Zouave cap, and first-rate boots—on that starboard sole of which, displayed so unconsciously, you perceive in small nails the advertisement of 'Duncan and Co., Princes Street, Edinburgh.'" There was in Ickerson, as I hinted, a slow, subterranean, subacid humour; and he noticed things unex-

pectedly. I leant back, musing on the doubtful likelihood of Loch-na-Diomhair remaining an oasis long; while the Macdonochy sulked at us, and talked loud to his better-bred companion, using French phrases; then once or twice superciliously drawled to the boatmen a hideous sentence of authority, interspersed with what seemed a Gaelic oath; to which they, rowing, droned humbly back.

As we leapt upon the other shore of Loch-Lomond, the road lay before us; wild enough at best; parting, within sight, to a wilder one, up a stern pass, through which brawled a headlong river. At the parting, stood a well-equipped dog-cart, waiting. But neither help nor guidance was I inclined to, even from the looks of the best-mannered friend of the Macdonochies; and in the wilder of the two ways I recognised the "short cut," of which Moir's letter spoke. Ickerson, after another of his mystical looks overhead and up the mountains, silently acceded. So we escaped from the Macdonochy also, and took the short cut by the pass.

II.

OUR JOURNEY THITHER.

WILD, grim, desolate, it was soon, as the sternest valley of Rephidim. Away on either hand, drearier in their very formlessness, began to slant without sublimity the worn grey hill-sides, from waste to waste. Chaotic shatterings and tumbings here and there, driven back upon forgotten Titans, had long come to an end in utter stillness; where the lichen and moss were the sole living things, creeping insensibly over some huge foremost boulder, bald and blind with storm that had been. In the sultry, suffocating heat of that Glen-Ogie, the very rocks gave out a faint tinkling, as when calcined limestone cools slowly; nothing else sounded but our own feet, slipping or crackling. For Ickerson was especially taciturn, yet in haste; nor at the same time abstracted, as I could have pardoned his becoming. Thus his un-

social mood annoyed the more; no sneer at Ossian, nor lure to the pipe, or to the flask of Glenlivet I bore, could draw him out. The fellow's tone and manner became positively uncomfortable, when, grasping me by the arm with a hand which is like a vice, he bade me turn and look along Glen-Ogie. We were in the bottom of it. There was nothing particular to see. That way—the other also, towards which he kept that staff of his pointed like a divining rod—was but a wild, inarticulate, rugged ascent, with dry rifts and gullies on both sides, a wrinkling off through stony beds of vanished torrents into unknown chasms; then up, as where avalanches had rolled down, or volcanic eruptions had passed. Where had the hazy sweltering sun retreated? Where were our own shadows—where the clouds—on what side, the east, west, north, or south—and *which* the vista of Glen-Ogie we had descended, *which* the perspective of it we were yet to ascend? To tell the truth, for all I know, we might then have steadily proceeded backward, even passing the last nondescript clachan of human burrows as a new one, and reaching Loch-Lomond as if it were our lake in prospect, till we ferried across to the supposed welcome of Moir, and should find the embrace of Trellington Blythe, with the exulting recognition of M'Killop! For a moment I was in Ickerson's hands: so that if he had smiled, I could have dashed him from me. But in the most earnest spirit of companionship, which never shall I forget, he thrust his staff before him like a sword, and without a word we rushed upward together. One glimpse was all I wanted now of the double-headed summit of Ben-Araidh, with its single cairn of stones.

At length, with something like a cry of satisfaction, my friend sprang up before me from the rocky trough, out upon a heathery knoll. Beside us was a small round mountain-tarn, fed by a quick little burn from above, which again stole out into wide-rolling moor. Over its own vast brown shoulder I caught sight of the bare grey top I looked for; slightly swathed, between, with a slight

wreath of mist. Here we quenched our thirst; here we gave ourselves up, at ease, to the untroubled rapture of the pause at that high spot, our journey's zenith. The rest was plain before us; and Ickerson took out his meerschaum once more, and smoked tranquilly again.

Too well does he meditate, my friend Ickerson, and pour forth at length the tenor of his meditations; in rhapsody that takes indeed the colour of sublime phenomena around him, yet too much assimilates to the other vapour he breathes forth, till it is apt to lull one into dreams. Had it not been to avoid this, I do not think, in circumstances still requiring care, that I should have been tempted to join my rod together and leave him a little, to try the upward course of the brook. To *him*, forsooth, it may be the easiest thing to put away inveterate thoughts at will: they never haunted or terrified him. There was always a fund of latent power in the fellow, which he never troubled himself to draw upon; because, perhaps, he was six feet two without his shoes, with a bone, muscle, and length of arm that set him above need of much sparring practice with our friend Francalanza. I soon heard him, but in the distance; his eyes closed, his incense ascending, his knees up—eventually, as I looked over my shoulder, raising by turns his delighted feet, in real enjoyment of the glorious hush—with the supposition, doubtless, that the silent pea-coat beside him was a drowsy companion. Alas! ye dogging remembrances, ye jading and worldly consciences—ye could not so easily be left. I followed the upward vein of the brook, in its deep water-course, broken and fern-fringed; and it is strange, though childish, how a few minutes, which self-control could not compose to peace, will glide away in puerile sport and device. Rest!—rest, said we? Flight from thought, or from the pertinacity of words and artifices? No—'tis a new, eager, wild refuge of pursuit, exultingly compensative by revenge for what you have feared and fled from before: pitiless in its first savage longings for the scent, the chase, capture,

blood, and for bootless relentings after. Soon the zest grows unsatisfied: you would fain be lulled away more thoroughly, on, on, by some strong salmon-rush into deeper abysses—instead of upward to the dribbling source of minnows and tadpoles—rather outward to the frith and sea, among old former hazards and contentions. Suddenly, too, the very dragon-fly lost its charm—the paltry trout scorned me in their turn, ceasing to rise at all. What was it? Ah. I had thought as much. Thunder in the stifling air—thunder in those bronze-like tints of the mountain-shoulders, and in the livid cloud beyond Ben Araidh; though his summit still showed the distincter, above a snow-white shroud in the lower cleft.

Mist had been spreading unawares below, but the living burn rushed all the livelier down beside me, a certain clue to regain the tarn—and if I had all at once felt a slight uncertainty of recollection about our friend's road-map, my recent ascent above the obscurer atmosphere was fortunate for the moment. Composedly enough, therefore, I was about to verify my impressions by Moir's careful letter, when I was greatly annoyed to find it was no longer in my possession. Ickerson's thoughtless habits occurred to me, and a redoubled anxiety now urged the precipitate speed I at once put forth to rejoin him, down the course of the stream; impatient of every turn by which it wound, now glittering upward to a levin-flash, now sullenly plunging downward from the thunder-echoes. Not for myself did I shudder *then*, but for him—him, Ickerson, my heedless friend, doubly dear to me in those moments of remembrance. For well did I know what was the character of a Highland "speat" from the hills. The welter and roar of its foaming outlet was along with me, neck and neck, among the mist and the wind-stirred bracken, right to the shore of that wild black tarn, sulkily splashing where dry heath had been. Heavens! Was my foreboding realized so darkly! Not a trace of him—he was gone—his very couching-place obliterated and flooded.

I shouted; a hope striking me. He had most probably underrated *my* experience or presence of mind. What extravagant conceptions might he not form, indeed, of my possible course of conduct—fancying me still on my way apart; yet himself never thinking of that clue which the stream had supplied me. If he were wet, he had no flask of Glenlivet to support him, as I still had; and with one more hasty gulp from it, I took the hill, dashing after him; once or twice positively sure of the traces of his great, huge-soled, heavy and soaking steps.

Over the heathery brow, down to the sheltered hollow of a fresh rivulet; for I thought his voice came up to me, stentorian, through the blast. At all events, some distance off, there was in reality the fern-thatched roof of a hut to be descried; scarce distinguishable but for a slight wreath of smoke, curling against the misty mountain-breast. I shouted, too, as I made for it. Some shepherd's shealing, of course, or hunting bothy, lodged in that secluded covert; for which he had doubtless sped in supposed chase of me! This much I could have sworn of poor Ickerson.

Alas! Utterly still and deserted it stood; not a voice answering mine as I sprang in. Ickerson would have stayed there, hoping for help, if his foot had ever crossed the threshold. So did not I, however. The fancied smoke had been but a wreath of mist; I marked only for an instant the weird and obsolete aspect of the uncouth hermitage, manifestly built long ago, over the very cataract of a boiling torrent; at once bridge and dwelling, but for ages left solitary, like a dream of the bewildering desert. Then I turned to speed back again, at least with the certainty that Ickerson had not reached so far.

Powers above! Was I certain of anything, though? *Why*, as I climbed again, to return—glad to feel now the mist cleared—why did I reach the same hill-brow so slowly this time, though with all my energies on the strain; rising at last, too, amidst such a hissing storm-blast? I could see far, from ridge

to ridge of grey bent-grass, islanded in mist—along, up, through shimmering water-gully and shaded corrie. Where was I going—what was that, yonder, so slowly letting the vapour sink from it; as a gleam of watery sunlight clove in, shearing aside the upper clouds? A cairn of stones—solitary on a bare grey rocky cone, riven and rifted. I was on the mountain-shoulder itself, making hard for the top of Ben-Araidh!

A shudder for myself, it must be confessed, ran through me. For a brief space of time I dropped my head, giving way to some unmanly depression of heart. Quickly I felt, however, that after all I was not lost. I had only escaped beyond track, and those dogging thoughts were at my ear no longer. Taking out my small watch-seal compass, I carefully surveyed the point in view, studying the precise bearings, and taking fresh determination in with the act. Giving up Ickerson, well-nigh for a few minutes forgotten, I took a new course; and steadily, but rapidly, for bare hope of life, began to plunge direct down for that spot disdained so lately—that uncouth and mysterious booth of unknown antiquity.

Staggering down for it at last in vain, slipping, sometimes reeling on, then squelching into a quagmire, I yielded in the end. I collected myself to perish. It was warm, positively warm below there, beside the marshy navel of that hollow in the valley, of which I had not before seen the least likeness. There, soft white lichens and emerald heaths, and pale coral-like fungous water-growths, were marbled and veined together, into a silent whirl of fairy moss, lovelier than any sea-shell of Singapore. I looked at it, seeing not only how beautiful, but how secret it was. A great secret it began to tell me as I sat. It was Loch-na-Diomhair, I thought, which we had so foolishly been in quest of. *There* was perfect welcome, and peace, and our friend Moir—so that I could have slept, but that a little black water-hen, or a dab-chick, out of a contiguous pool, emerged up suddenly, with a round bright eye, squeaking at me, and not

plopping down again. By the expression of its eye, I saw that it was Ickerson, and I clutched my rod, summoning up the last strength for vengeance; with stupid fancy, too, that I heard behind me, in the wind, voices, yelps of dogs, bloodhounds, led on by some one who had lost the trail.

As in a dream, there came to my very neck the grip of a hard hand; and before I could once more stumble onward. While close at my ear there panted a hot breath, followed by a harsh voice that woke me up, but had no meaning in its yells. Was I thought deaf, because I understood it not, or because I stared at a bare-headed, red-haired savage in a rusty philabeg, with the hairiest red legs imaginable, clutching me: for whom I flatter myself, nevertheless, that in ordinary circumstances I was more than a match. As the case stood, I yielded up my sole weapon with a weak attempt at scorn only. Needless were his fellow-caterans, springing and hallooing down from every quarter of the hill, at his cry of triumph. With a refinement of barbarism, a horn of some fiery cordial, flavouring of antique Pictish art, was applied to my feeble lips; to save them the pains, no doubt, of carriage to their haunt. Reviving as it was to every vital energy, I could have drained it to the bottom, heedless of their fiendish laughter, but that some one rushed up breathless, forcing it away. I looked up and saw, as a dark presentiment had told me, Ickerson himself. A train of dire suspicions poured upon my mind while I heard his explanations, while I came back to sober reality. Never had his vague political theories squared with my own practical views: had his Celtic leanings entangled him in some deep-laid plot, of which Moir and he were accomplices—I the silly victim, unless a proselyte? Nay—his genuine delight, his affectionate joy convinced me I could depend upon him yet, as he fell upon my neck like Esau, informing me how simple the facts had been. Too tutelary only, if not triumphant, that manner of statement about the sheep-drivers on the hill who had seen me, of the actual

distillers who were present, the supposition that I was the English gauger, and the safe vicinity, amidst that drenching rain, of the smuggling-booth. There is a coolness, there is a depth about the character of Mark Ickerson, which even yet I have to fathom. He now used the Erse tongue like a truncheon: and in all he said, did those heathery-looking Kernes place implicit faith; conducting us to their den with welcome, nay resuming their operations before us, in which he even went so far as to join zealously. Indeed, for my own part, I have an impression that there is considerable vivacity in the Gaelic language, and that it has a singular power of communicating social and mirthful ideas. I now look back upon my enjoyment of its jests or lyric effusions with a feeling of surprise; except as indicative of an habitual courtesy, and of a certain aptness in me to catholic sympathies with all classes or races of men.

We were not going, however, to live perpetually in a mist, which bade fair to continue up there; neither was it desirable that Ickerson should become permanently an illicit distiller, speaking Gaelic only. Happily there was of the party a man, of course accidentally present, and by no means connected with systematic fraud against the excise, who could guide us in fog or rain, by day or night, to our destination; himself, it turned out, a Macdonochy, though rejoicing more in the cognomen of "Dochart." How or in what manner, along with this Dochart, we emerged gradually from the mist upon a wet green knoll of fern and juniper, fairly into the splendour of the west, striking down Glen-Sambach itself,—how we all three descended with augmented spirits, till the long expanse of the lake glittered upon our sight, and then the scattered smoke of huts grew visible,—it were difficult, if it had been judicious, to relate. There is to this hour something confused about that memorable short cut altogether, more especially as to its close. Only, that some one, probably Ickerson, struck up a stave of a song, German or Gaelic, in the refrain of which we

all joined, not excepting the elderly Dochart.

All at once we were close upon the schoolmaster's house, a homely enough cottage, where Moir's head-quarters had been established; at one end of the clachan, before you reach the lake. He had made himself at home as usual; and, though surprised at our despatch, of course welcomed us gladly. A pleasant, lively young fellow, Frank Moir: former college-mate of us both, though but for a term or two, ere he turned aside to commerce. And who can enjoy the Highlands like a London man born north of Tweed; or enjoy, for that matter, a tumbler or so of genuine Highland toddy, with the true peaty flavour from up some Ben-Araidh; conversing of past days and present life, to more indigenous friends? We too relished it to the utmost. The pursuers were left behind us, unable to follow. Finally, Ickerson and I, on two boxed-in beds of blanket over heather—at the end next the cowshed, with the partition not up to the rafters between us and its wheezy occupants, slept the sweetest sleep of many months.

III.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR CATASTROPHE.

THAT first whole day of untroubled, silent, secluded safety, upon the sunlit waters of Loch-na-Diomhair, how indescribable was it! We heeded little the first day, how our sporting successes might be ensured; excepting Moir only, to whom nature is rather the pretext for fishing, than *vice versa* as with most intellectual workers, like us who followed his guidance. A boat, at any rate, was the first desire of all three; and as a boat was at the schoolmaster's command, we put it to immediate use. "This day, O Moir," says Ickerson, in his quaint way, "let Brown indulge that idle vein of his—while *we* revel, rather, in the exertion so congenial to us. Yesterday, he perhaps had enough of that. Nevertheless, let him take the oars to himself, that we may troll these waters as he enjoys his visions—see

what a sweep of blue loch ! Yea, past the lee of the trees, yonder, what a favouring ripple of a breeze—to soon to be lost, I fear me !”

The sly pretender, he had an advantage over me yet. It was not I, but he, who inclined to inert dreaming ; as we floated forth on an expanse as yet distinguishable by very little from other lakes, with no features of extraordinary beauty ; but solitary, bare, spreading on wider till it folded between two promontories of wild hill. And then, with the first buoyant sense of depth—of liquid force taken hold upon by the oar in a conscious hand, to be wrestled with at least for exercise—what refreshment, what exultation at your measureless might, your endless outgoings, your inexhaustible sources, O ye abundant and joyous waters ! Anywhere—anywhere with ye, for Loch-Diomhair is but a name, that in itself would soon disappoint us. And Ickerson, too, cheated of his evasive resort to the rod and its lazy pleasures, is held in emulous unison with me, by the ash-stave he has not time to lay aside ; till insensibly we are trying our strength together, and our power to modulate it harmoniously, while Moir’s will becomes ours, as he stands erect before us, but backward—his minnow spinning astern, his eye intent, hand ready, the ends of his somewhat sumptuous neckerchief fluttering with the swift smooth motion. A sudden jerk at last, a whirr, the running reel is tremulous with his first sea-trout of the season, which shows play in good earnest, making straight for open water through yonder reeds by the point, where no line twisted by tackle-maker’s hands will bear the strain.

At that, no Yankee whaling-captain can shout more excitedly, or more unreasonably demand superhuman exertions, than Moir ; when he required our double speed on the instant, to do all but overtake the fin-borne fugitive, tail-propelled for its dear life ; that he might save the first tug upon his line as he shortened it quickly, with a subtle art ! Yet we justified his expectations, Ickerson and I, putting forth the strenu-

ousness of Mohawks upon the chase ; so that down, down, in the nearer profound beneath us, our sea-trout must sound himself perforce, then, after a sullen pause, come up exhausted, to show but a few more freaks of desperation, and, turning its yellow side to the sun, yield to the insidious pole-net at last. A solid three-pounder at the least, plump, lustrous, red-spotted ; the pledge, merely, of a splendid future in Loch-Diomhair. We rejoiced over it, drank over it the first quaiçh of that day’s mountain-dew, and were thenceforth vowed to the engrossing pursuit in which Frank Moir revelled. Little matter was it then, save for this object, how magnificent the reach of open water visible, lost in distant perspective ; with here and there a soft shore of copse, rising into a hill of wood ; a little island dotting the liquid space : on either side, the shadowy recesses of glens looking forth, purple-mouthed ; midway to one hand, the great shoulders and over-peering top of Ben-Araidh, supreme over all, beginning faintly to be reflected as the breeze failed. But there was one grim, grey, castellated old house, projected on a low point, which our friend denoted to us ; the abode of the Macdonochy, who looked forth with jealous preservation-law upon the sport of strangers. Nearer to us, he showed, as we were glad to find, the more modest yet wealthier residence of that English merchant, Mr. St. Clair, who had purchased there of late his summer retreat : and the St. Clairs were far more liberal of their rights, although it was said the young Macdonochy had become an intimate at their lodge, aspiring greedily to the hand of its fair heiress.

Hence we turned our prow that way, and, still rowing stoutly, were fain to pass the hotter hours near shore, with oars laid by ; trying for heavy pike in the sedge-fringed bay. It was in order to find a pole in the nearest fence, on which Ickerson’s plaid might be spread as a sail, that he himself deliberately landed ; showing, I must say, a cool heedlessness of legality, such as his recent still-life might have tended to produce.

He came back in his leisurely style, slowly relaxing his features to a smile, as he held up a glazed card of address, which he bore in triumph, along with the paling-slab. We had, indeed, heard voices; and now found that Ickerson had fallen into sudden altercation with a groom attended by two setters. The groom looked after him as he stepped into the boat, with the timber shouldered still; and I recognised the attendant of our two fellow-passengers across Inversneyd ferry. It was not merely that he had been awed by Ickerson's stalwart dimensions: the truth was, that Ickerson, when detected by him in a felonious act, had characteristically insisted on giving his own card to the groom, whom he commanded to bear it to the party of sportsmen he saw at hand. Thereupon, the young English officer, already known to us both by sight, had come forward smiling; to waive further excuses, to make recognition of Ickerson, and give in his turn his titular piece of paste-board; apologizing, also, for his awkward constraint on the previous occasion. He had discovered that Ickerson and he had mutual acquaintances in town, with whom the former was, as usual, a favourite; and knowing him thus by reputation beforehand, now wished the pleasure of cultivating this opportunity, so long as our friend should be in the neighbourhood. He was Captain St. Clair, Ardchonzie Lodge: at which retreat, throughout the sporting season now opened, the captain and his father would be delighted to profit by Mr. Ickerson's vicinity, with that of any friends of his who might incline to use the boats, or to shoot upon the moor. And before Ickerson left, in short, he had blandly reciprocated these advances, sociably engaging for us all that we would use the privilege at an early day; so that the hospitality of the St. Clairs, with the facilities and amenities of Ardchonzie Lodge, might fairly be considered open to us three. The luck of Ickerson, I repeat, is something inexplicable. What a number of friends he has, without any trouble to him; and what a flow of acquaintances,

ever partial, ever discovering their mutuality, so as to increase, and be interconnected! Appearing improvident, uncalculative, unworldly—yet how does the world foster and pet him, playing, as it were, into his hands. Even his facile nature will not explain it—nor that diffuse, impersonal, lymphatic, self-unconsciousness, which makes all sorts of people fancy him theirs while they are with him. He must have some deep-seated ambition, surely, which he has marvellous powers to conceal. But at all events we returned together towards our quarters at the schoolmaster's, in the clachan of Glen-Samhach, full of Elysian prospects for many a day's rustication there. Loch-Diomhair was Utopia indeed—the very expanse we had sighed for, of Lethean novelty, of strange and deep Nepenthe, amidst a primitive race, who knew us not; a rudely-happy valley, where the spirit of nature alone could haunt us, asking none of our secrets in exchange for hers.

At our re-entrance to the humble lodging, as the dusk fell, my first glance caught upon an object on the table where our evening repast was to be spread. It was a letter—a letter addressed in some hand I recognised, to me. To me, of course, these ghastly pursuers always come, if to any; and a vague foreboding seemed to have warned me as I crossed the threshold. It had not come by post, however: it was no pursuing proof-sheet, nor dunning reminder, no unfavourable criticism, or conventional proposal. Simply, what bewildered me, till I read some words in the envelope—an inclosure of Frank Moir's letter from that spot to me, which I had read to Ickerson at Inversneyd, and supposed him to have retained. I had forgot it again till I now saw it, and saw—by the pencilled note of Dr. Trellington Blythe—what the fact had been. I had dropped it in my haste on the little landing-pier, and it had attracted the sharp eye of Mr. McKillop as it lay. It was Mr. McKillop who, with a degree of inadvertence, as Dr. Blythe's note explained, had read the letter before he looked at the address—

a thing which our excellent friend, the doctor, seemed to repudiate, but could not regret; because it had been the accidental occasion of a great benefit, and an expected pleasure. They would have a speedy opportunity of explaining in person. They had themselves brought the letter to Glen-Sambach. They were in search of lodgings near. Glen-Sambach and Loch-Diomhair were (they found) the very place—the precise kind of locality—for which Mrs. Blythe had been longing. They were near me, in short—and to-morrow they would do themselves the satisfaction, &c. Any friends of mine, and so on, would be an accession to their modest circle, in that sequestered scene, so well depicted by my enthusiastic correspondent, whom they hoped soon to number among their acquaintances.

This was an emergency indeed requiring the utmost vigour and tact, with unflinching resolution, to disentangle ourselves from it once more; nay, if promptly taken, to render it the outlet of a complete and trackless escape. Not that I myself hesitated for a moment; since it was no other than the Blythe and M'Killop connection I now fled from—while Glen-Sambach and Loch-Diomhair, shared with them, became as the suburbs of that public which the *Daily Tribune* sways, bringing all its odious issues after. Like the gold-diggings of Kennebec or Bendigo would soon be our fancied El Dorado; the greater its charm, the sweeter its secrecy and solitude, the more speedily to be gone for ever.

Happily, it was evident that they knew nothing yet of Ickerson's continuance with me. Fortunately, too, Moir did not need to fear their subsequent displeasure. All that I had to overcome was the sudden vividness of anticipation they had both conceived, the latter especially, from the cordial proffer of young St. Clair. It was a glowing vision for me to break yet; if I did not break it, how much more painfully would it be dissipated by the claim on our society, with all its advantages and openings, which Trellington Blythe would amiably

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employ, and M'Killop firmly expect—nay, enforce. To me the prospect lost every tint when thus re-touched; yet if they cared to try it, to fail me and remain behind, they were welcome, I said,—so revealing the whole direness of the case.

Had it not been for Ickerson's dread of the editor, before mentioned, I suspect he would now have shown defection; nay, even then, but for the said acquaintance with the courteous St. Clairs, which, if they two remained, he must now cultivate. He has no repugnance like mine, I suspect, for the Blythe circle. As for Frank Moir, he is an eager sportsman, otherwise a mere man of the world; and he swears by Ickerson in higher matters. The influence possessed by Ickerson over him and others of the same stamp is curious to me. Ickerson did not reason on the matter; he did not even trouble himself to paint M'Killop: giving but one significant shrug of his vast shoulders, one expressive grimace, then taking up his staff and plaid to follow me. Then Moir, shouldering his portmanteau for the first boy that could be found at hand, gave in a reluctant adhesion, and came with him; while I obscurely accounted for the change to our host, the intelligent but simple-minded pedagogue of the Macdonochies.

It was a misty moonrise, through which, as we silently set forth, we were soon lost to the most prying eyes in the clachan. Instead of suffering our friend's portmanteau to be delivered to any gillie whatever, I was ready for the burden myself. Whither we were going I did not say, not even knowing: only taking the way which led likeliest to some ultimate coach-road; while truly it may be said, that, for a time, I had two silent, unsupporting followers—one sullen, the other wrapt in most unsociable meditation—till the moon rose bright upon our rugged path, the lake shimmering along beneath us through dreamy haze, silence lying behind upon the unseen glen. A new valley was opening up through the mountains, where the high road to the grand route lay plainly

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marked, as a turnpike bar reassured me soon. The milestones to Campbelltown pledged our security thenceforward.

"Ickerson," I said then, "I am willing to give up this leadership. Observe, I confess my past oversights. I own that, but for me, this would not have occurred. There are other spots than Loch-Diomhair, doubtless, where we may escape, to realise jointly what we have severally at heart. Henceforth, nevertheless, I relinquish all ambiguity or subterfuge to your utmost desire. I will eschew short cuts. Let us go with the common stream, if you will, and take our unpurposed pleasure as we find it. Let us even visit, under your guidance, the tomb of Highland Mary, and inscribe our initials, if there is room for them, on the walls of the birth-place of Burns. Or, if Moir inclines, let him head us to the glorious sport of the Sutherland lochs, and the favourite

Findhorn of St. John. I will gladly yield the burdensome post of command to either, who undertakes our common security from M'Killop and—and the Blythes."

How clear is that consciousness of superior will which alone enables us to lead onward! When I thus seemed to surrender it, neither Ickerson nor Moir felt capable of the function. They jointly confessed it by their looks, and successively repudiated the charge: which I then resolutely took again.

How I justified it, and how we spent the holiday-season in joyous companionship, refreshed for new work, is not to the point. Suffice it to say, that I had learnt how the Blythes avoid the common track, and the M'Killops follow them; thus, however, turning aside the vulgar current, and so leaving the old channels free.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE,

THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

ALL persons conversant with art matters of late have been aware that this distinguished artist has for five or six years past been engaged upon a work entitled as above, in executing which he had spared neither time, labour, study, nor expense, in order to put before the world a picture produced exactly in his own ideal—such a one indeed as should display those convictions respecting art which he is known to have made the rule of his life, and has followed out, notwithstanding difficulties and real dangers such as would have utterly defeated most men, or at least modified an ordinary strength of purpose. Conceiving an idea of the great advantages that would result from painting any picture in the very locality where the incident chosen happened, and choosing a Scriptural theme such as this, Mr. Hunt was fortunate in the circumstantial immutability of character

and costume which has prevailed to a great extent in the East from the time of the Saviour until now. In the East traditions linger for ages such as in this more mutable West would have vanished long ago. By the light of this irregular history many customs have been elucidated, the comprehension of which is highly essential to the faithful and observant study of a subject relating to the life of Christ. That a picture to be duly honoured in execution should be painted on its own ground, so to speak, being the leading conviction of the artist's mind, there remained nothing for him but to proceed to Jerusalem when he decided upon this subject. Accordingly this was done, and during a stay of more than eighteen months Mr. Hunt's whole attention was devoted to the study of the material he required, to the getting together of accessorial matter, and actual execution of a consi-

derable part of this picture. The greater portion of four succeeding years has been given to its completion, and the result is now before the world.

It will be right to premise that Mr. Hunt's opinions in art, which opinions were convictions, and, what is far more, convictions put into action, led him to journey to Jerusalem, not only to study the best existing examples of the physical aspect of the race he had to paint, but to obtain such material in the way of costume as could only be obtained there. To do this fully, he acquired before departing a sound knowledge of the very history he had to illustrate. Thus prepared, his journey was so far profitable that we believe there is not one single incident in the action of the picture, or single point of costume shown—from the very colour of the marble pavement of the Temple, the jewellery worn, or instruments carried by the personages represented—for which he has not actual or analogical authority. How deep this labour has gone will be best conceived when we say that the long-lost architecture of the second Temple has been brought to a new life in his work. Based upon the authorities existing, the whole of the architecture shown in the picture may be styled the artist's invention, not in any way a wild flight of imagination, but the result of thoughtful study, and the building up of part by part, founded upon the only true principle of beauty in such designs—that is, constructive fitness. The whole edifice is gilded or overlaid with plates of gold, the most minute ornaments are profoundly studied, extremely diversified, yet all in keeping with the characteristics of Eastern architecture, that derived its archetypes from an Oriental vegetation, and decoratively employed the forms of the palm, the vine, and pomegranate. But let it not be considered that these mere archæological matters have absorbed the artist beyond their due; so far from this is the case, that the design itself is not without a modern instance of applicability to the life of every man, and the "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's busi-

ness?" is as much an exhortation to us as it was a reply to the parents of Christ.

The unflinching devotion shown by the painter, and the inherent nobility of his principles of art, have then this great merit in them, that the result stands before us almost with the solemnity of a fact. It seems life that has been lived, and a potent teaching for us all, not only to show the way in which our labours should be performed—by that by which Mr. Hunt has executed his—but, by the vividness and vitality of his representation, the first step of Christ's mission produces a fresh, and, it may be, deeper impression upon the mind, than that which most men have to recall the memories of their youth to enter on. This he holds, and we also, to be the true result of art. Let us consider to what purpose he has applied these principles, and how the end of this long labour can be said to fulfil them.

The distinguishing executive character of the picture that strikes the eye at first, is luminous depth and intensity of colour, the perfect truth of *chiaroscuro* that gives relief and roundness to every part—to which its solidity of handling aids potentially—the whole truthful effect being enhanced, when, upon examination, we discern the minute and elaborate finish that has been given to the most trifling details. The whole has the roundness and substantiality of nature, utterly unmarred by that want of balance in parts observable in the productions of the less accomplished painters of the Pre-Raphaelite school, whose shortcomings in this respect have, notwithstanding the earnestness and energy displayed by many among them, rendered the title "Pre-Raphaelite" almost opprobrious. Let us now turn to the picture itself.

The Temple.—A brief vista of gilded columns closed at the end by a lattice-work screen of bronze open to the external air. The immediate locality, an outer chamber of the building, one valve of the entrance door put wide back, showing without the courtyard, with masons at work selecting a stone,

maybe the "stone of the corner;" over the wall the roofs of the city, and far off the hill country. Within, and seated upon a low dewan, scarcely raised from the floor, are the elders of the Temple, seven in number, arranged in a semicircle, one horn of which approaches the front of the picture. Behind them stand four musicians, whose grouping repeats the generally semicircular disposition of the figures. A flight of doves gambol in the air without; several have entered the building, and fly over the heads of the family of Christ, who stand by the doorway facing the priest and elders. Mary, who has just discovered her Son, tenderly embraces, and with trembling lips presses her mouth towards his face. Lovely is the eager yearning of her eyes, the lids dropped, the irides dilated and glittering with tearful dew that has gathered itself into a drop to run down her cheek. Her skin is fair and young, her features moulded appropriately on the pure Jewish type in its finest and tenderest character. The bold fine nose, the broad, low, straight forehead, straight eyebrows—a royal feature; wide-lidded eyes—reddish with anxiety; the pure fine-lined cheek—a little hollowed, but a very little—and rounded, clear-cut chin, make a countenance as noble as it is beautiful. But far beyond the mere nobility of structural perfectness, the expression is the tenderest of the utmost outpouring of a heart that has yearned, and travailed, and hungered long. That long, long three days of searching has marked her cheek and sunk her eyes, and although the red blood of joy runs now to its surface, this does but show how pale it was before. Could I but tell you in my poor words how her mouth tells all this, how it quivers with a hungry love, arches itself a little over the teeth, its angles just retracted, ridging a faint line, that is too intense for a smile, upon the fair, sweet maternal cheek! Forward her head is thrust, the whole soul at the lips urgent to kiss. There is a spasm in the throat, and the nostrils breathe sharply, but all the joyful agony of the woman—the intensity

of the maternal *storgé*—seeks at the lips the cheek of her Son. For this the eyes sheathe themselves with levelled lids—for this the body advances beyond the hasty feet. It is but to draw him nearer that one eager hand clasps his removed shoulder, and the other eager hand raises that which the Son has put upon its wrist, pressing it against his mother's bosom.

The feet of all three are bared. Joseph stands looking down on both; Mary's shoes, held by the latchet, are slung over Joseph's shoulder by one hand; his other hand has been upon the arm of Jesus, until the eager, trembling fingers of the mother slid beneath, displacing it in her passionate haste. Christ has been standing before the elders when his parents entered, and then turned towards the front, so that we see his face full. It is an oval, broadened at the top by a noble, wide, high-arched forehead, surmounting abstracted and far-off seeing eyes that round the eyelids open, wistfully and thoughtfully presaging, yet radiant with purpose, though mournful and earnest. They express the thought of his reply, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He is heedful of his mission—half abstracted from the embrace. The action of his right hand, drawing tighter the broad leathern girdle of his loins, and the almost passive way in which his fingers rest upon the wrist of Mary, express this, while the firmly-planted feet, one advanced, although his body sways to his mother's breast, indicate one roused to his labour and ready to enter upon the journey of life. The beauty of the head of Christ takes the eye at once—not only through the totally original physical type the artist has adopted, but by the union of healthy *physique* with intellectual nobleness, fitting the body for the endurance of suffering. There is a marked difference between Hunt's idea of the corporeal appearance of our Lord and that usually chosen by the painters, who have shown him as a delicate valetudinary—for such is the character imparted by their allowing a certain feminine quality to overweigh the robustness required for

the simple performance of his labours. He is here a noble, beautiful boy of about twelve, broad-chested, wide-shouldered, active-limbed, and strong to bear and do. The head sustains this character, the forehead being as we have before said, the eyes blue, clear yet tender, with all their strength of purpose that does but recognise sorrow. The mouth, pure, sweet, small, yet pulpy and full, is compassionate and sympathising. The nostrils are full without breadth. The complexion fair, yet rich, and charged with healthy blood. If we give attention to the eyes, their beauty and nobility become distinct: the broad lids are lifted, so that the gaze is open and upon vacancy. From the forehead the hair springs like a flame gathered about the countenance, parted at the centre, and laid back to either side; the sunlight from without is caught amongst its tips, and breaks in a golden haze like a glory. So placed, this is ever the case with hair of that character. There remains for us to point out one exquisite subtlety of expression in this head: it is this, the near warmth of the Virgin's face causes the side of Christ's countenance to flush a little, and one eyelid to droop and quiver, almost imperceptibly, but still plainly enough to be read.

Let us point out that this is no tender, smiling Virgin, like that of many of the old masters, blandly regarding a pretty infant—a theme of mere beauty—but a tearful, trembling, eager, earnest mother finding the lost Lamb and the devoted Son. Rightly has Mr. Hunt nationalized her features to the Jewish type. Nor is Christ like the emaciated student usually chosen for a model. Here the intensity of the artist's thought appears. He has been penetrated with the idea of service, use, and duty; no making of a pretty picture has been his aim, but rather, in showing us how the noblest and most beautiful submitted to duty, he would teach us our own. This is Christ of the preaching, Christ of the crown of thorns, Christ of the cross, Christ of the resurrection and the life eternal, the soldier and the Son of God. Beau-

tiful is the son of the King; he is dressed in the colours of royalty of the house of Judah; even his poor robe is a princely garment of stripes of pale crimson and blue—the ordained fringe is about its lower hem. The broad leathern belt that goes about his loins is of blood red, and marked with a cross in front, an ornament in common use in the East from time immemorial, being the symbol of life even with the ancient Egyptians; it is placed appropriately upon the girdle of Christ. These three form the principal group placed towards the left of the picture. Facing them are the rabbis and elders, to whom we now turn.

These are arranged in a sort of semicircle, as was said above, one of its horns retreating into the picture. The men are of various ages and characters; all the principal heads were painted at Jerusalem, from Jews whose countenances suggested to the artist the character he wished to represent. The eldest of the rabbis sits in front, white-bearded, blind, and decrepit; with his lean and feeble hands he holds the rolls of the Pentateuch against his shoulder; the silver ends of the staves on which this is rolled, with their rattling pendants and chains, rise beside his head; the crimson velvet case is embroidered with golden vine-wreaths and the mystic figure of the Tetragrammaton; over this case is an extra covering or mantle of light pink, striped with blue, intended to protect the embroidery. As all appurtenances of this holy roll of the law were held sacred and beneficent, there is placed a pretty little child at the feet of the rabbi, armed with a whisk to brush off the flies—that is, Beelzebub, from the cover of holy rolls. Behind stands an older boy, furtively invoking a blessing on himself by kissing the mantle of silk. Blind and half imbecile is the oldest rabbi; but he who sits next to him, a mild old man, with a gentle face of faith, holds a phylactery in his hand. Let us here explain that a phylactery is not at all one of those placards which it was the custom of the old painters to put over the foreheads of the Pharisees,

&c. inscribed with huge characters, but really a small square wooden box, bound round the head by a leathern belt, and containing the written promises of the old dispensation. Such is the phylactery the second rabbi holds in one hand, while he presses the other upon the wrist of his neighbour, and seems to be asserting that, whatever might be the nature of the reasonings of Christ, they at least had these promises that were written within the phylactery upon which they might both rely.

Next comes another, in the prime of life, who, having entered eagerly into the dispute with the Saviour, unrolls the book of the prophecies of Daniel, whereby to refute the argument. He is interested, disputatious, and sceptical; leans forward to speak passionately, half impatient of the interruption caused by the entrance of Joseph and Mary, to which the attention of several of the other rabbis is given. His feet are drawn up close beneath him upon the *dewán*, a characteristic action of such a temperament when excited: those of the elder rabbis are placed at ease upon the floor, but with varying and appropriate attitudes. There is a hard look upon this man's face—set passion in his mouth, resolute anger in his eye, and a firm, sharp gripe of the hands upon the roll he holds; this is finely in keeping. Over his shoulder, from the second row, leans a musician, one of the house of Levi, speaking to him, and with pointed finger making a comment on the words of Christ, at whom he is looking. The fourth rabbi, who is also concerned in this dialogue, wears a phylactery on his forehead. We presume Mr. Hunt intended by this to indicate a supererogation of piety in this individual, the phylactery, in strict propriety, being only worn at time of prayer. He recounts the arguments, and, holding a reed pen in one hand, presses its point against a finger of the other, as one does who is anxious to secure the premises before he advances further. The overweening character of this man is thus indicated; let the observer note how the artist makes the action of each person to be with an

entire consent of the attitude of his whole body, by this man's assumption of repose and dignity shown in his leaning back on the *dewán*. The fifth rabbi, an old, mild-visaged man, whose long white beard, divided in two parts, falls nearly to his girdle, sits more erect; his feet, drawn up beneath him, are planted flatly before. He holds a shallow glass vessel of wine in his hand that has been poured out by an attendant behind. He looks at the reunion of the Holy Family, and suspends his drinking to observe them. A sixth elder leans forward to look also, placing his hand upon the back of the *dewán*. The seventh and last is as distinct in character and action as all the rest are. Like the fifth, he has an ink-horn in his girdle; he is corpulent, self-satisfied, and sensuously good-natured; he raises his hand from his knee to express an interest in the transaction before him; he sits cross-legged, and quite at ease, nevertheless. This individual completes the semicircle of the rabbis, and brings us again to the figure of Christ.

Returning now to the other side of the picture: Immediately above the disputatious rabbi, and leaning against one of the gilded columns, is a youth holding a sistrum in his hand—one of the rings strung upon its wires about to drop from his fingers. He is handsome, supercilious-looking, and fair-complexioned. Leaning upon his shoulder is another youth, also a musician, bearing a four-stringed harp; the face of the last is quite in contrast to that of his companion, having an ingenuous sweetness and gentleness of character about it that is almost fascinating. Eagerly thrusting his face against the column, and peering over the head of the last, is a third youth, whose large, well-open eyes, broad features, and inquisitive look, support his active anxiety to see what is going forward, admirably.

In the extreme distance of the vista of columns, a money-changer is seen weighing gold in a balance. A father has brought his firstborn to the Temple, accompanied by his wife, who bears the child in her arms; the husband has

across his shoulder the lamb of sacrifice, while a seller of lambs, from whom this has just been purchased, counts the price in the palm of one hand, and with the other presses back an anxious ewe that would follow her offspring. In another part, a boy is seen with a long scarf driving out the fugitive doves that have entered the Temple. At the door, a lame and blind beggar is chanting a prayer for alms.

Thus far we have spoken of the incidents of the design, the character and expressions of the personages, and general appearance of this marvellous picture. We have endeavoured also to indicate what have been the artist's purposes and motives, and the difficulties of its execution. It remains now to speak of the manner in which he has carried this out, especially in regard to the noble qualities of colour and drawing. For the last, let it suffice that the minutest detail has been wrought out; the very hands of the men are a perfect accompaniment to their eyes and physical aspect; those of the oldest rabbi are pallid, full-veined, and slow pulses seem to circulate in them. Mary's are elegantly slender—a little sunken, but very beautiful. Each fold in every garment is "accounted for," and duly studied from nature. The Virgin's dress is grey, dust-stained with travel. She has an under-garment of white, and a girdle, whose red fringes show at the open side, tossed up with the eagerness of her actions. An elegant head-dress of white, striped with red, falls back on her shoulders. Joseph's body-coat is like that of Christ, crimson and purple in very narrow stripes; over this is a brown and white burnoose, such as the Arabs wear to this day. The provision for a journey, a row of figs, is strung to his girdle. The rabbis have all the over-

garment proper to Pharisees, of pure white, except that worn by the chief, which is barred with broad and narrow bands of black upon the sleeves; a dress styled the "Tillith," worn only when bearing the Torah, or rolls of the law. The most removed has his under-garment amber-coloured, striped with blue, and a deep-blue robe beneath all. He that is about to drink wears an exquisite turquoise green-blue vest of sheeny texture, that gathers brightness in the shade; this is girt to him by a girdle of white and red. The young musicians wear green garments and turbans of rich crimson, and purple and green, harmoniously blended so as to create exquisite colour. The roof of the Temple is gilt like the columns, elaborately decorated with alternate pines, vine-branches, and pomegranates, and lighted from without by small openings, filled with stained glass. The door of the Temple, visible over Joseph's head, bears plates of hammered gold riveted upon it; upon these is discernible a great circle, from whose centre radiates an ornament of papyrus plant, the intersections filled with the unopened buds of the same: *gutta* of gold are drawn on the flat surface of the door. The pavement of the Temple is of a deep-tinted marble, in broad veins of a palish blood-colour and white.

It is now time to announce our conviction that Mr. Holman Hunt, who has ever been the steadfast centre of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, has in this noble work successfully laid down his idea of art; that by so doing he has put a crown on to his previous labours; and that the result is likely to be a great extension of those principles—now, perhaps, for the first time fairly elucidated—to which is mainly due the remarkable and inestimable advance that has of late years taken place in English art.

OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS:

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE OF "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

O CHRIST-CHILD, Everlasting, Holy One,
 Sufferer of all the sorrow of this world,
 Redeemer of the sin of all this world,
 Who by Thy death brought'st life into this world—
 O Christ, hear us !

This, this is *Thou*. No idle painter's dream
 Of aureoled, imaginary Christ,
 Laden with attributes that make not God ;
 But Jesus, son of Mary ; lowly, wise,
 Obedient, subject unto parents, mild,
 Meek—as the meek that shall inherit earth,
 Pure—as the pure in heart that shall see God.

O infinitely human, yet divine !
 Half clinging child-like to the mother found,
 Yet half repelling—as the soft eyes say
 "How is it that ye sought me ? Wist ye not
 That I must be about my Father's business ?"
 As in the Temple's splendors mystical,
 Earth's wisdom hearkening to the all-wise One,
 Earth's closest love clasping the all-loving One,
 He sees far off the vision of the cross,
 The Christ-like glory and the Christ-like doom.

Messiah ! Elder Brother, Priest and King,
 The Son of God, and yet the woman's seed ;
 Enterer within the veil ; Victor of death,
 And made to us first fruits of them that sleep ;
 Saviour and Intercessor, Judge and Lord,—
 All that we know of Thee, or knowing not
 Love only, waiting till the perfect time
 When we shall know even as we are known—
 O Thou Child Jesus, Thou dost seem to say
 By the soft silence of these heavenly eyes
 (That rose out of the depths of nothingness
 Upon this limner's reverent soul and hand)
 We too should be about our Father's business—
 O Christ, hear us !

Have mercy on us, Jesus Christ, our Lord !
 The cross Thou borest still is hard to bear ;
 And awful even to humblest follower
 The little that Thou givest each to do
 Of this Thy Father's business ; whether it be
 Temptation by the devil of the flesh,
 Or long-linked years of lingering toil obscure,

Uncomforted, save by the solemn rests
On mountain-tops of solitary prayer ;
Oft ending in the supreme sacrifice,
The putting off all garments of delight,
And taking sorrow's kingly crown of thorn,
In crucifixion of all self to Thee,
Who offeredst up Thyself for all the world.
O Christ, hear us !

Our Father's business :—unto us, as Thee,
The whole which this earth-life, this hand-breadth span
Out of our everlasting life that lies
Hidden with Thee in God, can ask or need.
Outweighing all that heap of petty woes—
To us a measure huge—which angels blow
Out of the balance of our total lot,
As zephyrs blow the winged dust away.

O Thou who wert the Child of Nazareth,
Make us see only this, and only Thee,
Who camest but to do thy Father's will,
And didst delight to do it. Take Thou then
Our bitterness of loss,—aspirings vain,
And anguishes of unfulfilled desire,
Our joys imperfect, our sublimed despairs,
Our hopes, our dreams, our wills, our loves, our all,
And cast them into the great crucible
In which the whole earth, slowly purified,
Runs molten, and shall run—the Will of God.
O Christ, hear us !

SPIRITUALISTIC MATERIALISM :—MICHELET.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THE future historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will have considerable difficulty in ticketing M. Michelet according to his proper class and order. Is he to rank among the historians? He has written many volumes of so-called histories, but which are generally valuable and interesting precisely by that in them which is not really historic. Is he a naturalist? He has taken to natural history in later life; but his two pleasant volumes on "The Bird," and "The Insect," contain the blunders of a tyro, nor should I advise any student to assert anything as a fact in nature, because M. Michelet has stated it. Is

he a pure physiologist? His latest productions turn largely on physiological considerations; yet I suspect that a real physiologist will be as little disposed to admit him for such, as a lawyer would deem him a jurist in virtue of his volume "On the Origins of French Law." Is he a political writer? His lectures had to be stopped by command of Government; yet I doubt if even his invocation to the "Holy Bayonets of France" ever raised him in any one madcap's mind to the rank of a political leader. Is he a philosopher? He certainly has translated the "*Scienza Nuova*" of Giambattista Vico; but I pity the man who should seek to evolve

a connected philosophy from his writings. Is he a theologian? a religious innovator? He has seemed everything by turns—at one time writing "Luther's Memoirs;" at another professing his attachment to the "poor old Catholic Church;" at a third attacking Jesuitism in the name of Voltaire; at last setting up Egyptian mythology as the most perfect of religious symbols.

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Reuben's lot seems to have been his. With marvellous gifts of style, an imagination of singular vivacity, active faculties of observation, occasional keen flashes of insight, very considerable and varied acquirements, quick sympathies at once with the beautiful and with the good, and the most sincere desire for the welfare of his fellow-creatures,—with powers, in a word, sufficient for the creation of half-a-dozen masterpieces, and much of that universal aptitude which, if it be not genius itself, seems yet as it were the bulb out of which it springs,—M. Michelet has not produced, and I believe will not leave behind him, one single great work—one really beautiful—one really good one; although he will leave few which are not replete with interest; not one which does not present us with beautiful thoughts, attractive pages, often chapters at a time.

Yet M. Michelet's influence over his generation in France has been considerable, and has not ceased to be such. Not a little, probably, on this account, that few men have opened a greater number of new paths, for the time being, to their countrymen. He brought back to them, from Italy, the great Neapolitan thinker, Vico. He was for France one of the first discoverers of modern Germany. He first, in his *Roman History*, popularized some of the Niebuhr views as to Roman origins. Older professors stood aghast; the book and its fellows were for a time nearly as much tabooed in the history classes of French colleges as a novel, or were only used in otherwise desperate cases, to kindle an interest in the subject. Learned men, the very pillars of the

universities—those survivors of an earlier age, trained either by Jesuit or Jansenist, before the first Revolution and Empire had deprived Frenchmen, for a time, of the leisure to learn Greek,—stood utterly aghast at the pranks of a young professor of the Normal School, who talked of Sanscrit poetry and Welsh triads; quoted at first hand the legendary romances of the middle ages; gave extracts from Dante; referred to Walter Scott; and constantly mixed up the experiences of the present with the narratives of the past. Still Michelet's works,—although of course read with avidity wherever they were treated, or supposed to be treated, as forbidden fruit,—did not bear their full effect at the comparatively early age at which the ordinary French college is usually frequented. The school-boy in all countries is in general an essentially practical creature. He soon found that for scholastic purposes—for the cram of examinations—Michelet's works were of far less use to him than much duller ones, but better stored with the right facts, and more methodically treated. It was at a later age, and in that much higher theatre of the "Collège de France," where the vulgar stimulus of competition disappears, and the student learns for the sake of learning, that the brilliant eloquence of the man really took hold of the Parisian youth. Here the variety at once, and the mobility of Michelet's mind—which will preserve for him a kind of youth even in his dotage—seemed exactly to correspond with the like qualities in his hearers. Here was a man who appeared to have handled everything, looked into everything, thought about everything, sympathized with almost every human tendency; who brought up the past into pictures as living as those of the present; who yet was essentially a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, full of national prejudices and national vanities, carried away with all the dominant impulses of the day. Who can wonder that when he came to deliver, simultaneously with his colleague, M. Quinet, his famous course

upon the Jesuits, crowds, such as never had attended a professor before since the days of the middle ages, thronged his lecture-hall even more than that of Quinet, till the two professors grew to be almost a power in the state, and had to be silenced by authority?

The enormous popularity which the lecturer thus reached may be considered as opening the second period of his career. Though not, I repeat it, a genuine historian, yet his works hitherto have all an historical character; they are full of materials for history, historical sketches, curiosities of history. Now, the turbulence of the partisans of monasticism, which had interrupted his and Quinet's courses, seems to have stung him up into a politician, a dealer mainly with the things of the present; and though he may write history so-called (that of the "Revolution," forming the last volumes of his "History of France"), this he will be henceforth above all, not indeed as a partisan, but as one of those who, wandering on the border land between the political and what may be called the psychical realm, contribute often far more powerfully towards impressing a general direction upon the public mind than does the mere politician, who points it to a definite aim. The "Jesuits," which reached four editions in six weeks, "Priests, Women, and Families," the "History of the Revolution," the "People," belong to this period.

Then came the strange downfall of the liberties of France under the weight of a dead man's name, the sudden hushing of her most eloquent voices, except from beyond the sea, at the blare of the imperial trumpet. Michelet was silent, or nearly so, like others for awhile, and then spoke out as a student, not of historic facts, but of actual organisms. His book, "The Bird," opens what may be called the physiological portion of his career. So remarkable a transformation, exhibited by a man on the shady side of fifty, is a singular phenomenon in literary history, and many, foreigners especially, could scarcely believe that there was not a second "J. Michelet"

at work with his pen. There was no mistaking, however, the artist's hand. "The Bird" displays all the qualities of style, and more than all the poetical fancy, of Michelet's best historical days. It begins by telling "how the author was led to the study of nature." "The time is heavy, and life, and work, and the violent catastrophes of the time, and the dispersion of a world of intelligence in which we lived, and to which nothing has succeeded. The rude labours of history had once for their recreation teaching, which was my friendship. Their halts are now only a silence. Of whom should I ask moral refreshment unless of nature?" The health of one dear to him, a passionate observer of nature, made him leave Paris, at first for a mere suburban home, from whence he returned to town every day. But the turmoil of the great city, its abortive revolutions, sent him farther off. He took up his quarters near Nantes, and here he wrote the latter part of his "History of the Revolution," already wakening up to the beauty and interest of nature, already longing for leisure to study her. But the climate was too damp, and drove him, in ill-health, further south. He now "placed his moveable nest in a fold of the Apennines, at two leagues of Genoa." And here, with no company but lizards, and living the life of a lizard himself, he felt a revolution take place within him. He seemed to see all living creatures claiming their place in the great democracy. Such, he tells us, was his renovation, "that late *vita nuova* which gradually brought me to the natural sciences."

"The Bird," however, is still a work of mere natural history rather than of physiology. It deals with the outside of living nature; with form, colour, habits; with these mostly in reference to man as a prototype; whatever of anatomy occurs in it is derived from the study of Dr. Auzoux's models. "The Insect" travels over much of the same ground, though in a lower stratum of life, but opens up another field. The author tells us how he bought a micro-

scope, how he placed under it a woman's finger, a spider's leg; how coarse appeared the structure of that which to us is living satin, how the repulsive coarseness of the latter opened out into marvellous beauty. It is from this point that the naturalist grows into the physiologist. The microscope is a cruel teacher; no one who has once experienced the fascination of its powers can stop over outward form, but must pierce the mysteries of structure; and the study of structure, except in a few transparent organisms generally of the lowest class, means disruption, dissection. Whilst even apart from structure, the world of form and life which the microscope unveils to us is one so well-nigh entirely extra-human,—the limbs which unite us to it are so few and so loose,—those which unite its members among themselves so many and so prominent,—that the temptation is strong for a fervid, fickle mind to be altogether carried away by the new spectacle,—to change altogether the pivot of its contemplations; and instead of seeing in the creature the shadow of the man, to see in man henceforth only the more highly organized creature. Hence already in this volume pages painful and repulsive to read.

And now we come to the more essentially physiological works of the professor of history. "*L'Amour*,"—now at its fourth edition,—represents the climax of this period. I hardly know how to characterize this work fairly for an English public, so immoral would it be if written by an Englishman, so essentially does it require to be judged from a French point of view. I hardly know how even to give an adequate idea of it, so greatly does it depart from any standard within reach of English hands by which it can be decently measured. I am convinced that never was a book written with homester intentions. The writer is full of good impulses; his object, as he sets it forth in the first page of his introduction, is a noble one,—"*Moral enfranchisement by true love.*" That object he seeks to carry out by exhibiting to us the picture of the married life

of a nameless couple, from the wedding-day to the grave. The book teems with tender and delicate passages, though placed in startling contact with the coarse and the trivial. There are pages in it which it is impossible to read without emotion. But the whole is sickly; nauseous. As one closes the book, one seems to be coming out of some stifling boudoir, leaving an atmosphere mawkish with the mingled smell of drugs and perfumes, heavy with the deadly steam of life. You miss in the "true love" of the book both the free buoyancy of health, and (except in a page here and there) the noble martyrdom of real suffering. Its aim seems to be to coax men into purity, by showing them a virtue more voluptuous than vice, into tenderness towards woman by dwelling on her infirmities. The whole sense and substance of the book seems to be this,—Given, an enlightened young Frenchman of the nineteenth century, with a competent knowledge of anatomy, a fair income, large ideas of the perfectibility of the species, kindly feelings towards religion in general, and what may be called a bowing acquaintance with the idea of God, on the one hand, and on the other, a sickly Parisian girl, brought up in a Romish convent or quasi-convent,—how the one is to make the best of the other?

Looked at in this way—remembering the writer's popularity—not forgetting that he speaks with the authority of sixty years of life, I do not mean to say that the book is not likely to do some good to the class for which it is written. That class is a narrow one. It has been said ere this, in France, that M. Michelet's ideal "woman" would require from 15,000 to 45,000 francs a year to keep her. To the great bulk of the French population his book itself would be as Greek; and, indeed, it is quite amusing to see how entirely the writer ignores the possibility that the red-cheeked country girl, whom he assigns for servant to his ideal couple in their suburban home, should ever have a claim to "true love" on her own account. He admits himself, that whilst

he does not write for the rich, he does not write either "for those who have no time, no liberty, who are mastered, crushed by the fatality of circumstances, those whose unceasing labour regulates and hastens all their hours. What advice can one give to those who are not free?" But the class of men whom he addresses no doubt does exist, and is but too numerous for the health and well-being of the French body-politic; nor are samples of it, God knows, wanting amongst ourselves. It must have startled some of these to be told, by a man whose voice has often charmed them, who is one of themselves by his intellectual training and sympathies, who starts from no old-world notions of right and duty, but from the last new discoveries in medical science, that marriage, and faithful love in marriage, are to give them their "moral enfranchisement." Certainly, as compared with the coarse cynicism, or the still coarser attempts at morality, of the French novel or the French press under the imperial *régime*, M. Michelet's work, unreadable as it is in the main for Englishwomen,—certainly unfit to be read by English girls,—may well stand out as a very model of purity.

The indications indeed, which it gives, of the growth of immorality under that *régime*—tallying as they do entirely with information from other quarters—are most painful. I do not speak of such facts as M. Michelet quotes from statistics, and which any one may verify there, ominous though they be; a stationary or decreasing population; an increasing number of young men unfit for military service, marriages rapidly diminishing, widows ceasing to re-marry, female suicides multiplying. Most of these facts might be paralleled elsewhere; some amongst ourselves. I refer to those details, evidently founded upon actual facts, which are given in the chapters entitled "The Fly and the Spider," and "Temptation," as to the corruption of female friendships, the abuse of official power, the utter, expected, absence of moral strength, even in the pure of life.

"For the best, it is through their husband himself that for the most part they are attacked." If he be powerful, M. Michelet shows us "ladies in honourable positions, esteemed, often pious, active in good works, whom she has seen at charitable gatherings," coming to the virtuous wife in order to present some "young son, an interesting young man, already capable of serving the husband, devoted to his ideas, quite in his line;" who has been "a solitary student," "needs the polish of the world." He shows us female friends assiduously praising the young man into favour; the lady's maid soon breaking the ice, to tell her mistress, whilst doing her hair, that he is dying of love. Formerly, M. Michelet asserts, Lisette had to be bought. No need now. She knows well that the lady being once launched in such adventures, having given a hold upon her, and let a secret be surprised, she herself will be her mistress's mistress, will be able to rule and rob uncontrolled.

The case is still worse, if the husband, instead of protecting, needs protection, if he is a small official waiting for promotion, a worker in want of a capitalist to push him. Here the female friend (who seems by M. Michelet's account to be the modern Diabolos of France, *vice* Satan superannuated) works upon the young woman, now by dwelling on her husband's inferiority to herself, now by insisting on his need of help from some one who should have strength and credit to lift him at last from the ground. A meeting is arranged somehow between the lady and the future protector, both duly instructed beforehand; the young woman seldom fails to justify what has been said of her by some slight act of coquetry, which she deems innocent, and in her husband's interest Audacity, a half-violence, often carries the thing . . .

"You say no. You believe that such odious acts are only to be seen in the lowest classes. You are quite mistaken. It is very common . . . A number of facts of this kind have

"come to my knowledge, and by most certain channels." . . . She cries, she will tell all, she does nothing . . . "My dear, in your husband's name, I beseech you, say nothing. He would die of grief. Your children would be ruined, your whole life upset. That man is so powerful to do harm. He is very wicked when he hates, and is provoked. But, one must admit it, he is zealous also for those he loves, he will do everything for your family, for the future of your children."

And so the nauseous tale of corruption through family interest rolls on. The young woman is entrapped into writing a letter, which henceforth establishes her shame. Now, "She is spoken to in another tone. Command succeeds entreaty. She has a master, —on such a day, at such an hour, here or there, she is bid to come, and she comes. The fear of scandal, I know not what fascination, as of a bird towards the snake, draw her back in tears. She is all the prettier. The promises are little remembered."

"When he has had enough, is she free at least? Not a whit. The female friend has the paper. . . . She must go on, sold and resold, must endure a new protector, who she is told will do more, and often does yet nothing. Fearful slavery, which lasts while she is pretty and young, which plunges her deeper and deeper, debases, perverts her."

Now, it would be too much to say that such tales are without analogy amongst ourselves. There were a few years ago, there may still be, factories in Lancashire and Cheshire, where the young master, or even more so the over-looker, views the female hands simply as a harem, of which he is the sultan. There are still agricultural parishes where no girl field-worker's virtue is safe against the squire's bailiff or gamekeeper. There are sweater's dens in London where living wages are utterly out of the reach of the poor tailor's, unless she be also the favourite for the time being. But in the classes to which M. Michelet assigns the tale, it could

not occur without filling journalists' pens with fire instead of ink, from John O'Groats to the Land's End. The leprosy of half-starved officialism has not tainted us so far as to endure such things. The moloch of competition has not yet in the trading world, even if it have in the working, claimed female virtue for its holocausts. Whilst England is free England, such enormities by the influential protector, capitalist, or official are, thank God, as unheard of, as in free France they some day will be.

But it is not only through its incidental revelations of these effects of the poison of a despotic centralization, both in corrupting the relations between man and man, and in taking away all fear on the one side, all confidence on the other, in the might of justice and public morality that this book is valuable. It is far more so as a testimony, all the more precious because unconscious, to that which M. Michelet in his nineteenth century enlightenment well-nigh completely ignores,—God's Bible, Christ's Gospel. M. Michelet exalts physiology, half proscribes the Bible. He forgets that there is a certain amount of physiological knowledge which is absolutely essential to the understanding of the Bible, and which no mother who really reverences God's word will withhold, in due time, from her daughter. But the moral truths which he evolves from physiological teaching are all, as far as I can see, anticipated in the Bible. If M. Michelet has satisfied himself by means of physiology that man is a monogamic animal, so much the better. But he who believes that from the mouth of Wisdom herself proceeded the words: "And they twain shall be one flesh," knows as much as he. If M. Michelet has learned from medical men that woman is not the impure creature that unnatural middle-age asceticism made of her, so much the better. But he who has read in Genesis that she was made man's "help-meet,"—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh,—can never be tempted, unless bewildered with lying traditions or puffed up with

false spiritual pride, to think otherwise of her. If he insist that by her constitution she has a constantly recurrent cause of disease within her, St. Paul's words, "the weaker vessel," command of stronger man all the deference and indulgence to which M. Michelet would persuade him. In short, mix together the few texts I have alluded to, with those other ones of Gen. ii. 25, and Gen. iii. 16, and dilute them with an infinite quantity of French fine writing, and you have the whole of "L'Amour," so far as it has any moral worth whatever. And he who chooses to meditate upon the "Song of Songs," both in itself, as the divine sanction of sensuous love as being the only adequate mirror of spiritual, and in its position in the sacred volume between Ecclesiasticus, the book of worldly experience, and Isaiah, the book of prophetic insight, as indicating the link which earthly love supplies between the two, will feel that 450 pages of French prose are but a poor exchange for its lyric lessons.

What is wanting indeed to M. Michelet's "true love"? Not self-contemplation; not the effort to be self-wrapped. But everything below—everything above. The rock of a divine command on which man or woman can stand and say, I ought, and to the Tempter, Thou shalt not. The sense of an Almighty Love by whom each is upheld, on whose bosom each may sink, and feel that "underneath are the everlasting arms." The light of a Word made Flesh, who has suffered all our sufferings, borne all our sins. The help of a Spirit of Truth, who will guide us into all truth, though through never so much of doubt, and darkness, and despair. The beholding of the joy of a divine marriage, of the redeemed church with its Saviour, of which every smallest wedded joy of earth is a ray, towards which every truth of pure human love is an aspiration. The abiding and restful sense of subordination in harmonic unity, link after link in a divine chain; a subordination that lifts and does not lower, that joins and not

divides; gathering up successively all desire into a nobler object, all life into a mightier focus,—man the head of the woman,—Christ the head of man,—God the head of Christ.

And for want of these, his whole purpose makes shipwreck. He promises woman her enfranchisement; but it is only to jail her within her own physical constitution, with her husband for turn-key. He lavishes his fancy on what may be called the lyrics of the flesh; but he does not trust that poor flesh for a moment; he is always watching it, spying it; his "medication" of heart or body presupposes and leaves it as frail and false as any Jesuit folio of casuistry. It has been well said, indeed, of the work by M. Emile Montégut that it is essentially a Romanist book, which had been unwritable and incomprehensible anywhere else than in a Roman Catholic country. The whole, in fact, of M. Michelet's work affords evidence of that "invincible ignorance"—to use a term of Romish theology—of Christ and of the Bible which Romanism leaves behind it in most souls, if it should come to depart from them. M. Michelet has no doubt read the Bible; he is familiar with religious works, both Protestant and Romish; he has himself written "Memoirs of Luther." And yet it may not be too much to say that he has never once seen Christ. This is even more evident in his last work, "La Femme," of which I have now to say a few words.

"La Femme" is in some parts a mere repetition, in many a dilution, of "L'Amour." It is on the whole less mawkish, but more wearisome. The writer's dissective tendencies rise in it to absolute rapture. A child's brain becomes in his pages "a broad and mighty camellia," "the flower of flowers," "the most touching beauty that nature has realized." But the work covers in some respects a new field. The hypothetical wife whom he exhibited in "L'Amour" was after all, as I have said, some existing Frenchwoman brought up in Romanism, having, according to the writer, everything to

unlearn from her free-minded husband, but at the same time most willing to do so. This last trait, however, it would seem, was so far from reality as to spoil the picture. The second work then comes in to supply the true female ideal.

The great fact of the time, M. Michelet tells us, patent to all, is, that man lives apart from woman, and that more and more. Woman is left behind by man. Even a drawing-room divides into two—one of men, one of women. The attempt to make men and women speak together only creates a silence. They have no more ideas in common—no more a common language. In his introduction, the most valuable part of the volume, M. Michelet inquires rapidly into the social and economical causes of this alienation, quoting many interesting, some harrowing and hideous facts. Imagine this for instance, as to the venal tyranny of the theatrical press, in a country such as France, where political freedom is gagged:—An actress comes to a theatrical critic, to ask him why he is always writing her down. The answer is that she was somewhat favourably treated at first, and ought to have sent some solid mark of gratitude.—"But I am so poor; I gain next to nothing; I have a mother to maintain." "What do I care? take a lover." "But I am not pretty—I am so sad—men are only in love with cheerful women." "No, you won't bamboozle me; you are pretty, young lady, it is only ill-will: you are proud, which is bad. You must do as others—you must have a lover." M. Michelet seems to speak of this from personal experience. I wish he had added that he had flung the hound of a penny-aliner out of window.

Taking up, then, in the nineteenth century the work of Fénelon in the seventeenth, M. Michelet adopts for special subject the education of girls, with a view to filling the gap between the sexes. "Woman," he tells us, "is a religion." The education of a girl is therefore "to harmonize a religion," whilst that of a boy is "to organize a

force." In his views on the subject of female education, much will be found that is suggestive and beautiful. But the main point still remains—if woman is a religion, how is she to have one? "She must have a faith," we are told by the writer; logic would seem to require that that faith should be in her own self. What it is to be is really most difficult to discover. Towards ten or twelve, her father is to give her some select readings from original writers; narratives from Herodotus; the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*; "some beautiful narrations from the Bible," the *Odyssey*, and "our modern *Odysseys*, our good travellers." Even before these, it would seem, she should have some "sound and original readings . . . some of the truly ethereal hymns of the Vedas, such and such prayers and laws of Persia, so pure and so heroic, joining to these several of the touching Biblical pastorals—Jacob, Ruth, Tobit," &c. The Bible itself must be kept aloof. Most of its books seem to M. Michelet to have been written after dark at night. God forbid that one should trouble too soon a young heart with the divorce of man from God, of the son from his father; with the dreadful problem of the origin of evil! . . . The book is not soft and enervating like the mystics of the middle ages; but it is too stormy, thick, restless. "Another motive again, which would make me hesitate to read this too soon, is the hatred of nature which the Jews express everywhere. . . . This gives to their books a negative, critical character; a character of gloomy austerity, which is yet not always pure . . ." Better read "in the Bible of light, the *Zend Avesta*, the ancient and sacred complaint of the cow to man, to recall to him the benefits which he owes her . . ."

The subject is too grave for joking. But only imagine bringing up a girl upon cow-laments from the *Zend Avesta*, and keeping the Bible from her hands! Is it possible too for a man to read more completely into a book his own prejudices against it? Where, except in the in-

human asceticism of the Romiah middle ages, or in extreme Scotch Calvinism, do you find any trace of that "hatred of nature" which M. Michelet fathers upon the Bible? From the first page to the last, it is the book of nature almost as much as it is the book of man. Hatred of nature! No, the intensest sympathy which can yet consist with man's dignity, as God's vice-king over nature, made to have dominion over fish and fowl, cattle and creeping thing; over "all the earth," which he is not only commanded to "replenish," but to "subdue." He is to sympathise with nature under every aspect, from every point of view; as comprised with him in that creation, of whose absolute order and beauty it is written that "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good;" as suffering, guiltless, through his fall, and cursed for his sake alone; as "groaning and travailling in pain together" with him for a common deliverance, as assured of a common perfection in the New Heaven and the New Earth. It is not enough that he is taught by Prophet, Psalmist, Apostle—by none more assiduously than by the Saviour Himself—to look on the face of nature as a mirror wherein are revealed the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. He is called on to look on her as a fellow-servant; her obedience is repeatedly contrasted with his revolt. "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Nay, she is more than a fellow-servant, she is a fellow-worker. Prophet nor Psalmist can satisfy their raptures of devotion, unless they call upon her to share them: "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O mountains." "Let the heaven rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the field be joyful, and all that therein is; yea let all the trees of the wood rejoice

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"before the Lord." "Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, worms and feathered fowls." . . . "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." If this be hatred of nature, may every one of us enter more and more into the infinite fervent charity of such hatred! Is it not more likely to lift the soul of girl or boy than the sentimental self-consciousness of some ancient Parsee cow, mooing over her own ill-required services? Will any worship of the bull Apis ever give such a sense of the real preciousness of animal life, as that last verse of the Book of Jonah: "Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

I suspect the physiological period of M. Michelet's career will be the last. Read in the light of his two latest works, I think his earlier ones—the "Introduction to Universal History" for instance—bear testimony that the whole tendency of his mind has always been towards the spiritualistic materialism, as I prefer to call it—the "mystic sensualism," as it has been called by a French Protestant critic—of which "L'Amour," and "La Femme," are the direct exponents. In "La Femme" we cannot fail to perceive a senile garrulity, which marks that the writer has fully passed the climax of his genius, a climax which may perhaps be fixed at "The Bird." I have generally felt compelled, in translating from him, to abridge also. I doubt if he has much henceforth to tell us that is new. Indeed, the moral side of "La Femme," is already to be found fully indicated in the much earlier "Priests, Women, and Families."

I have called the doctrine of these works "materialism." I know that none would protest more strongly against the application to them of such a term than the writer. "I have

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spent all my life," he tells us, "in claiming the rights of the soul against the nauseous materialism of my time." Again and again he uses the term as one of the utmost reproach. And yet the books are essentially materialistic. The physical organization of woman is made practically the standard of her capacity for perceiving right and wrong. Love is made, in fact, its own end, although announced as a means of moral enfranchisement. Nothing is shown to the woman above the man, unless it be, and in such proportions as he chooses to show it her, some misty idea of the great harmony, "in which we should wish to die as much as to live, in the just and regular law of the All." Through this "all" may indeed hover the name of God, but more as a ghost deprived of its last resting-place, than as He that Is. The writer may indeed tell us that he "cannot do without God;" that "the momentary eclipse of the high central idea darkens this marvellous modern world of sciences and discoveries;" that the unity of the world is love; that woman feels the infinite "in the loving cause and the father of nature, who procreates her from the good to the better." Yet what is this beyond mere Pantheistic Hindooism, drenched in verbiage? Heine, we are told, called M. Michelet a Hindoo. One feels tempted to say, Let him be so in good earnest. God for god, I prefer Vishnu to the thin shadow of him which flits through M. Michelet's pages. Any one of his avatars would be preferable for me to that repulsive Egyptian myth of Isis, (a mother by her twin brother ere her birth), which M. Michelet tells us has never been exceeded, which he offers as food to the "common faith" of husband and wife. Again, he may give us a chapter, and a very touching one too, on "love beyond the grave," in which he exhibits to us the departed husband discoursing on immortality to his widow. But after all, what assurance have we that such a colloquy is any more, was even meant to be any more, than a piece of sentimental ventriloquism? The pledge of immortality is not one that

can be given by mortal to mortal. "Because I live, ye shall live also." When He who is the Source and Lord of life tells us so, we may believe and hope. "Because I died, thou shalt live." Can even the madness of unsatisfied love make more than a temporary plaything of such an assurance?

But I have called the doctrine of these works, spiritualistic materialism. I do not care for the strangeness of the expression, if by means of it I can only waken up those who are content to rest upon the traditions, opinions, prejudices of past days, to some sense of the strange and new things with which they have now to deal. If they would be prepared to combat whatever is evil and deadly in the doctrine of which I am speaking, let them utterly put out of their minds all conceptions of a materialist as of a man wallowing in sensual indulgences, denying the very idea of right; or even as of a hard-minded logician, treating as impossible all that he cannot see, scoffing at faith as at a child grasping for the moon, or for his own image in the mirror. Michelet, indeed, proclaims himself a spiritualist; he "cannot do without God;" faith in a spirit of love, if scarcely of truth, breathes throughout his pages. What I have ventured to term his materialism comes forth in the name and on behalf of morality; for the restoration of the purity of marriage, of the harmony of the family. As the frank and eloquent witness against the corruptions of that purity and harmony in our social state, he deserves all our sympathy and respect. We may not, thank God, have reached yet in free Protestant England that depth of cold cynicism which he indignantly exhibits to us, when he repeats, as an ear-witness, the advice of a husband and a father living in the country, to a young man of the neighbourhood: "If you are to remain here, you must marry, but if you live in Paris, it is not worth while. It is too easy to do otherwise." But that is all the greater reason why we should in time beware, lest we should ever be carried away, on the same or other

slopes, to the same gulf. We have nothing, God knows, to boast of. Penitentiaries, I fear, receive generally but the heaviest dregs of the seething caldron of female vice. Midnight tea-meetings will, I fear, do little more than skim off a little froth from its surface. Neither the one nor the other either lessen the demand, or even attack the supply in its sources,—in those ill-paid labours which the cursed thirst for cheapness tends to multiply,—in that money-worship which makes wealth as such honourable, and poverty the worst of shames,—in those plutonomic doctrines which are erected into a faith for states or for individuals, and which tend to supplant everywhere duty by interest, the living force of “Thou shalt” by the restraining doubt “Will it pay?” Michelet has at least the merit of attempting a radical cure for the evil. He addresses man rather than woman; and he is right. He seeks to conquer lust by love; and he is right. His folly lies in treating earthly love as if it could be its own centre, its own self-renewing source.

That folly has been pointed out ere this in France itself by manlier and nobler pens than his own. M. Emile Montégut, in the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*,” for December 1858, has complained of the absence in M. Michelet’s ideal marriage of the true freedom of the soul, “of those great moral and religious laws” which formerly presided over it; has told him that love, as he represents it, wounds the dignity of man, enervates, effeminates him; that the home he paints is little more than the “retreat of two selfish voluptuaries.” These are hard words, harder than I have ventured to use. And yet the French critic concludes, as I would fain do myself, with expressing the hope that M. Michelet’s writings may not be without their use,—that they may have some effect for good on many “an opaque and dried-up brain,” on many “a dry vain heart,” on many poor crea-

tures prone to brutality, to sensual ferocity, to barbarous selfishness. Indeed already and long ere this, as M. Michelet tells us himself, the witness which he has borne for moral purity has not been without its fruits. Whilst he was yet professor, a young man one morning burst into his room, to give him the news that the masters of certain cafés, of certain other well-known houses, complained of his teaching. Their establishments were losing by it. Young men were imbibing a mania of serious conversation, forgetting their habits. The students’ balls ran risk of closing. All who gained by the amusements of the schools deemed themselves threatened by a moral revolution.—How many of our preachers could say as much?

For us, Englishmen,—bound as we are in charity to indulgence towards M. Michelet by the almost invariable mistakes which he makes whenever he speaks of us or of our country,—we need not fear, I take it, even the worst influences of his teaching; it is too essentially French to affect us. We may fear however, and we ought to fear, that refined materialism of which it is one of the symptoms, which confounds worship with a certain religiosity, replaces faith by sentiments, and affects to see God in nature everywhere, but in nature only. Crown him, girdle him, smother him with flowers, the Nature-god is at bottom but a bundle of cruel forces and lawless lusts,—the Krishna of the sixteen thousand gopis is the same, through whose flaming jaws Arjuna saw generation after generation of created beings rush headlong to destruction. But against such Pantheism, overt or latent, in the gristle or in the bone, there is no better preservation than the *Pantheism*, if I may use the term, of Christianity. None will ever be tempted to worship nature less, than he who has learnt to see her divine in God.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW GROUND.

My readers have now been steadily at Oxford for six months without moving. Most people find such a spell of the place without a change quite as much as they care to take; moreover it may do our hero good to let him alone for a number, that he may have time to look steadily into the pit which he has been so near falling into, which is still yawning awkwardly in his path; moreover, the exigencies of a story-teller must lead him away from home now and then. Like the rest of us, his family must have change of air, or he has to go off to see a friend properly married, or a connexion buried; to wear white or black gloves with or for some one, carrying such sympathy as he can with him, that so he may come back from every journey, however short, with a wider horizon. Yes; to come back home after every stage of life's journeying with a wider horizon, more in sympathy with men and nature, knowing ever more of the righteous and eternal laws which govern them, and of the righteous and loving will which is above all, and around all, and beneath all, this must be the end and aim of all of us, or we shall be wandering about blindfold, and spending time and labour and journey-money on that which profiteth nothing. So now I must ask my readers to forget the old buildings and quadrangles of the fairest of England's cities, the caps and the gowns, the reading and rowing, for a short space, and take a flight with me to other scenes and pastures new.

The nights are pleasant in May, short and pleasant for travel. We will leave the ancient city asleep, and do our flight in the night to save time. Trust yourselves then to the story-teller's aerial machine. It is but a rough affair, I own,

rough and humble, unfitted for high or great flights, with no gilded panels, or dainty cushions, or C-springs—not that we shall care about springs, by the way, until we alight on terra firma again—still, there is much to be learned in a third-class carriage if we will only not look for the cushions and fine panels, and forty miles an hour travelling in it, and will not be shocked at our fellow-passengers for being weak in their h's and smelling of fustian. Mount in it, then, you who will after this warning; the fares are holiday fares, the tickets return tickets. Take with you nothing but the poet's luggage,

"A smile for Hope, a tear for Pain,
A breath to swell the voice of
Prayer,"

and may you have a pleasant journey, for it is time that the stoker should be looking to his going gear!

So now we rise slowly in the moonlight from St. Ambrose's quadrangle, and, when we are clear of the clock-tower, steer away southwards, over Oxford city and all its sleeping wisdom and folly, over street and past spire, over Christ Church and the canons' houses, and the fountain in Tom quad; over St. Aldate's and the river, along which the moonbeams lie in a pathway of twinkling silver, over the railway sheds—no, there was then no railway, but only the quiet fields and footpaths of Hincksey hamlet. Well, no matter; at any rate, the hills beyond and Bagley Wood were there then as now: and over hills and wood we rise, catching the purr of the night-jar, the trill of the nightingale, and the first crow of the earliest cock pheasant, as he stretches his jewelled wings, conscious of his strength and his beauty, heedless of the fellows of St. John's, who slumber within sight of his perch, on whose hospitable board he shall one day lie prone on his back, with

fair larded breast turned upwards for the carving knife, having crowed his last crow. He knows it not; what matters it to him? If he knew it, could a Bagley Wood cock-pheasant desire a better ending?

We pass over the vale beyond; hall and hamlet, church and meadow, and copse folded in mist and shadow below us, each hamlet holding in its bosom the materials of three-volumed novels by the dozen, if we could only pull off the roofs of the houses and look steadily into the interiors; but our destination is farther yet. The faint white streak behind the distant Chilterns reminds us that we have no time for gossip by the way; May nights are short, and the sun will be up by four. No matter; our journey will now be soon over, for the broad vale is crossed, and the chalk hills and downs beyond. Larks quiver up by us, "higher ever higher," hastening up to get a first glimpse of the coming monarch, careless of food, flooding the fresh air with song. Steady plodding rooks labour along below us, and lively starlings rush by on the look-out for the early worm; lark and swallow, rook and starling, each on his appointed round. The sun arises, and they get them to it; he is up now, and these breezy uplands over which we hang are swimming in the light of horizontal rays, though the shadows and mists still lie on the wooded dells which slope away southwards.

Here let us bring to, over the village of Englebourn, and try to get acquainted with the outside of the place before the good folk are about and we have to go down among them, and their sayings and doings.

The village lies on the southern slopes of the Berkshire hills, on the opposite side to that under which our hero was born. Another soil altogether is here, we remark in the first place. This is nobu chalk, this high knoll which rises above—one may almost say hangs over—the village, crowned with Scotch firs, its sides tufted with gorse and heather. It is the Hawk's Lynch, the favourite resort of Englebourn folk, who come up—for

the view, for the air, because their fathers and mothers came up before them; because they came up themselves as children—from an instinct which moves them all in leisure hours and Sunday evenings, when the sun shines and the birds sing, whether they care for view or air or not. Something guides all their feet hitherward; the children, to play hide-and-seek and look for nests in the gorse-bushes; young men and maidens, to saunter and look and talk, as they will till the world's end—or as long, at any rate, as the Hawk's Lynch and Englebourn last—and to cut their initials, inclosed in a true lover's knot, on the short rabbit's turf; steady married couples, to plod along together consulting on hard times and growing families; even old tottering men, who love to sit at the feet of the firs, with chins leaning on their sticks, prattling of days long past to any one who will listen, or looking silently with dim eyes into the summer air, feeling perhaps in their spirits after a wider and more peaceful view which will soon open for them. A common knoll, open to all, up in the silent air, well away from every-day Englebourn life, with the Hampshire range and the distant Beacon Hill lying soft on the horizon, and nothing higher between you and the southern sea, what a blessing the Hawk's Lynch is to the village folk, one and all! May Heaven and a thankless soil long preserve it and them from an inclosure under the Act!

There is much temptation lying about, though, for the inclosers of the world. The rough common land, you see, stretches over the whole of the knoll, and down to its base, and away along the hills behind, of which the Hawk's Lynch is an outlying spur. Rough common land, broken only by pine woods of a few acres each in extent, an occasional woodman's or squatter's cottage and little patch of attempted garden. But immediately below, and on each flank of the spur, and half-way up the slopes, come small farm inclosures breaking here and there the belt of wood lands, which generally lies between the rough wild upland and the cultivated

country below. As you stand on the knoll you can see the common land just below you at its foot narrow into a mere road, with a border of waste on each side, which runs into Englebourne Street. At the end of the straggling village stands the church with its square tower, a lofty grey stone building, with bits of fine decorated architecture about it, but much of churchwarden Gothic super-vening. The churchyard is large, and the graves, as you can see plainly even from this distance, are all crowded on the southern side. The rector's sheep are feeding in the northern part nearest to us, and a small gate at one corner opens into his garden. The rectory looks large and comfortable, and its grounds well cared for and extensive, with a rookery of elms at the lawn's end. It is the chief house of the place, for there is no resident squire. The principal street contains a few shops, some dozen perhaps in all; and several farm houses lie a little back from it, with garden in front, and yards and barns and orchards behind; and there are two public houses. The other dwellings are mere cottages, and very bad ones for the most part, with floors below the level of the street. Almost every house in the village is thatched, which adds to the beauty though not to the comfort of the place. The rest of the population who do not live in the street are dotted about the neighbouring lanes, chiefly towards the west, on our right as we look down from the Hawk's Lynch. On this side the country is more open, and here most of the farmers live, as we may see by the number of homesteads. And there is a small brook on that side too, which with careful damming is made to turn a mill, there where you see the clump of poplars. On our left as we look down, the country to the east of the village, is thickly wooded; but we can see that there is a village green on that side, and a few scattered cottages, the farthest of which stands looking out like a little white eye, from the end of a dense copse.

Beyond it there is no sign of habitation for some two miles; then you can

see the tall chimneys of a great house, and a well-timbered park round it. The Grange is not in Englebourne parish—happily for that parish, one is sorry to remark. It must be a very bad squire who does not do more good than harm by living in a country village. But there are very bad squires, and the owner of the Grange is one of them. He is, however, for the most part, an absentee, so that we are little concerned with him, and in fact, have only to notice this one of his bad habits, that he keeps that long belt of woodlands, which runs into Englebourne parish, and comes almost up to the village, full of hares and pheasants. He has only succeeded to the property some three or four years, and yet the head of game on the estate, and above all in the woods, has trebled or quadrupled. Pheasants by hundreds are reared under hens, from eggs bought in London, and run about the keepers' houses as tame as barn-door fowls all the summer. When the first party comes down for the first *battue* early in October, it is often as much as the beaters can do to persuade these pampered fowls that they are wild game, whose duty it is to get up and fly away and be shot at. However, they soon learn more of the world—such of them, at least, as are not slain—and are unmistakeable wild birds in a few days. Then they take to roosting farther from their old haunts, more in the outskirts of the woods, and the time comes for others besides the squire's guests to take their education in hand, and teach pheasants at least that they are no native British birds. These are a wild set, living scattered about the wild country; turf-cutters, broom-makers, squatters, with indefinite occupations and nameless habits, a race hated of keepers and constables. These have increased and flourished of late years; and, notwithstanding the imprisonments and transportations which deprive them periodically of the most enterprising members of their community, one and all give thanks for the day when the owner of the Grange took to pheasant breeding. If the demoralization stopped

with them, little harm might come of it, as they would steal fowls in the home-steads if there were no pheasants in the woods—which latter are less dangerous to get, and worth more when gotten. But, unhappily, this method of earning a livelihood has strong attractions, and is catching; and the cases of farm labourers who get into trouble about game are more frequent season by season in the neighbouring parishes, and Englebourn is no better than the rest. And the men are not likely to be much discouraged from these practices, or taught better, by the farmers; for, if there is one thing more than another that drives that sturdy set of men, the Englebourn yeomen, into a frenzy, it is talk of the game in the Grange covers. Not that they dislike sport; they like it too well, and, moreover, have been used to their fair share of it. For the late squire left the game entirely in their hands. "You know best how much game your land will carry without serious damage to the crops," he used to say. "I like to show my friends a fair day's sport when they are with me, and to have enough game to supply the house and make a few presents. Beyond that it is no affair of mine. You can course whenever you like; and let me know when you want a day's shooting, and you shall have it." Under this system the yeomen became keen sportsmen; they and all their labourers took an interest in preserving, and the whole district would have risen on a poacher. The keeper's place became a sinecure, and the squire had as much game as he wanted without expense, and was, moreover, the most popular man in the county. Even after the new man came, and all was changed, the mere revocation of their sporting liberties, and the increase of game, unpopular as these things were, would not alone have made the farmers so bitter, and have raised that sense of outraged justice in them. But with these changes came in a custom new in the country—the custom of selling the game. At first the report was not believed; but soon it became notorious that no head of game from the

Grange estates was ever given away, that not only did the tenants never get a brace of birds or a hare, or the labourers a rabbit, but not one of the gentlemen who helped to kill the game ever found any of the bag in his dog-cart after the day's shooting. Nay, so shameless had the system become, and so highly was the art of turning the game to account cultivated at the Grange, that the keepers sold powder and shot to any of the guests who had emptied their own belts or flasks at something over the market retail price. The light cart drove to the market-town twice a week in the season, loaded heavily with game, but more heavily with the hatred and scorn of the farmers; and, if deep and bitter curses could break patent axles or necks, the new squire and his game-cart would not long have vexed the country side. As it was, not a man but his own tenants would salute him in the market-place; and these repaid themselves for the unwilling courtesy by bitter reflections on a squire who was mean enough to pay his butcher's and poulterer's bill out of their pockets.

Alas, that the manly instinct of sport which is so strong in all of us Englishmen—which sends Oswald's single-handed against the mightiest beasts that walk the earth, and takes the poor cockney journeyman out a ten miles' walk almost before daylight on the rare summer holiday mornings, to angle with rude tackle in reservoir or canal—should be dragged through such mire as this in many an English shire in our day. If English landlords want to go on shooting game much longer, they must give up selling it. For if selling game becomes the rule, and not the exception (as it seems likely to do before long), good-bye to sport in England. Every man who loves his country more than his pleasures or his pocket—and, thank God, that includes the great majority of us yet, however much we may delight in gun and rod, let Mr. Bright and every demagogue in the land say what they please—will cry, "Down with it," and lend a hand to put it down for ever.

But, to return to our perch on the Hawk's Lynch above Englebourne village. As I was saying just now, when the sight of the distant Grange and its woods interrupted me, there is no squire living here. The rector is the fourth of his race who holds the family living—a kind, easy-going, gentlemanly old man, a Doctor of Divinity, as becomes his position, though he only went into orders because there was the living ready for him. In his day he had been a good magistrate and neighbour, living with, and much in the same way as, the squires round about! But his contemporaries had dropped off one by one; his own health had long been failing; his wife was dead; and the young generation did not seek him. His work and the parish had no real hold on him; so he had nothing to fall back on, and had become a confirmed invalid, seldom leaving the house and garden even to go to church, and thinking more of his dinner and his health than of all other things in earth or heaven.

The only child who remained at home with him was a daughter, a girl of nineteen or thereabouts, whose acquaintance we shall make presently, and who was doing all that a good heart and sound head prompted in nursing an old hypochondriac and filling his place in the parish. But though the old man was weak and selfish, he was kind in his way, and ready to give freely, or to do anything which his daughter suggested for the good of his people, provided the trouble were taken off his shoulders. In the year before our tale opens he had allowed some thirty acres of his glebe to be parcelled out in allotments amongst the poor; and his daughter spent almost what she pleased in clothing-clubs, and sick-clubs, and the school, without a word from him. Whenever he did remonstrate, she managed to get what she wanted out of the house-money, or her own allowance.

We must make acquaintance with such other of the inhabitants as it concerns us to know in the course of the story; for it is broad daylight, and the villagers will be astir directly. Folk who

go to bed before nine, after a hard day's work, get into the habit of turning out soon after the sun calls them. So now, descending from the Hawk's Lynch, we will alight at the east end of Englebourne, opposite the little white cottage which looks out at the end of the great wood, near the village-green.

Soon after five on that bright Sunday morning, Harry Winburn unbolted the door of his mother's cottage, and stepped out in his shirt-sleeves on to the little walk in front, paved with pebbles. Perhaps some of my readers will recognise the name of an old acquaintance, and wonder how he got here; so I shall explain at once. Soon after our hero went to school, Harry's father had died of a fever. He had been a journeyman blacksmith, and in the receipt, consequently, of rather better wages than generally fall to the lot of the peasantry, but not enough to leave much of a margin over current expenditure. Moreover, the Winburns had always been open-handed with whatever money they had; so that all he left for his widow and child, of worldly goods, was their "few sticks" of furniture, £5 in the Savings'-bank, and the money from his burial-club, which was not more than enough to give him a creditable funeral—that object of honourable ambition to all the independent poor. He left, however, another inheritance to them, which is in price above rubies, neither shall silver be named in comparison thereof,—the inheritance of an honest name, of which his widow was proud, and which was not likely to suffer in her hands.

After the funeral, she removed to Englebourne, her own native village, and kept her old father's house, till his death. He was one of the woodmen to the Grange, and lived in the cottage at the corner of the wood in which his work lay. When he too died, hard times came on Widow Winburn. The steward allowed her to keep on the cottage. The rent was a sore burden to her, but she would sooner have starved than leave it. Parish relief was out of the question for her father's child

and her husband's widow; so she turned her hand to every odd job which offered, and went to work in the fields when nothing else could be had. Whenever there was sickness in the place, she was an untiring nurse; and, at one time, for some nine months, she took the office of postman, and walked daily some nine miles through a severe winter. The fatigue and exposure had broken down her health, and made her an old woman before her time. At last, in a lucky hour, the doctor came to hear of her praiseworthy struggles, and gave her the rectory washing, which had made her life a comparatively easy one again.

During all this time her poor neighbours had stood by her as the poor do stand by one another, helping her in numberless small ways, so that she had been able to realize the great object of her life, and keep Harry at school till he was nearly fourteen. By this time he had learned all that the village pedagogue could teach, and had in fact become an object of mingled pride and jealousy to that worthy man, who had his misgivings lest Harry's fame as a scholar should eclipse his own before many years were over.

Mrs. Winburn's character was so good, that no sooner was her son ready for a place than a place was ready for him; he stepped at once into the dignity of carter's boy, and his earnings, when added to his mother's, made them comfortable enough. Of course she was wrapped up in him, and believed that there was no such boy in the parish. And indeed she was nearer the truth than most mothers, for he soon grew into a famous specimen of a countryman; tall and lithe, full of nervous strength, and not yet bowed down or stiffened by the constant toil of a labourer's daily life. In these matters, however, he had rivals in the village; but in intellectual accomplishments he was unrivalled. He was full of learning according to the village standard, could write and cipher well, was fond of reading such books as came in his way, and spoke his native English almost without an accent. He is one-and-twenty at the time when our

story takes him up, a thoroughly skilled labourer, the best hedger and ditcher in the parish; and, when his blood is up, he can shear twenty sheep in a day without razing the skin, or mow for sixteen hours at a stretch, with rests of half an hour for meals twice in the day.

Harry shaded his eyes with his hand for a minute, as he stood outside the cottage drinking in the fresh pure air, laden with the scent of the honeysuckle which he had trained over the porch, and listening to the chorus of linnets and finches from the copse at the back of the house, and then set about the household duties, which he always made it a point of honour to attend to himself on Sundays. First he unshuttered the little lattice-window of the room on the ground-floor; a simple operation enough, for the shutter was a mere wooden flap, which was closed over the window at night, and bolted with a wooden bolt on the outside, and thrown back against the wall in the daytime. Any one who would could have opened it at any moment of the night; but the poor sleep sound without bolts. Then he took the one old bucket of the establishment, and strode away to the well on the village-green, and filled it with clear cold water, doing the same kind office for the vessels of two or three rosy little damsels and boys, of ages varying from ten to fourteen, who were already astir, and to whom the winding-up of the parish chain and bucket would have been a work of difficulty. Returning to the cottage, he proceeded to fill his mother's kettle, sweep the hearth, strike a light, and make up the fire with a faggot from the little stack in the corner of the garden. Then he hauled the three-legged round table before the fire, and dusted it carefully over, and laid out the black japan tea-tray with two delf cups and saucers of gorgeous pattern, and diminutive plates to match, and placed the sugar and slop basins, the big loaf and small piece of salt butter, in their accustomed places, and the little black teapot on the hob to get properly warm. There was little more to be done indoors, for

the furniture was scanty enough ; but everything in turn received its fair share of attention, and the little room, with its sunken tiled floor and yellow-washed walls, looked cheerful and homely. Then Harry turned his attention to the shed of his own contriving which stood beside the faggot-stack, and from which expostulatory and plaintive grunts had been issuing ever since his first appearance at the door, telling of a faithful and useful friend who was sharp set on Sunday mornings, and desired his poor breakfast, and to be dismissed for the day to pick up the rest of his livelihood with his brethren porkers of the village on the green and in the lanes. Harry served out to the porker the poor mess which the wash of the cottage and the odds and ends of the little garden afforded ; which that virtuous animal forthwith began to discuss with both fore-feet in the trough—by way, I suppose, of adding to the flavour—while his master scratched him gently between the ears and on the back with a short stick till the repast was concluded. Then he opened the door of the sty, and the grateful animal rushed out into the lane, and away to the green with a joyful squeal and flirt of his hind quarters in the air ; and Harry, after picking a bunch of wall-flowers, and pansies, and hyacinths, a line of which flowers skirted the narrow garden walk, and, putting them in a long-necked glass which he took from the mantelpiece, proceeded to his morning ablutions, ample materials for which remained at the bottom of the family bucket, which he had put down on a little bench by the side of the porch. These finished, he retired indoors to shave and dress himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENGBLEBURN VILLAGE.

DAME WINBURN was not long after her son, and they sat down together to breakfast in their best Sunday clothes—she, in plain large white cap, which covered all but a line of grey hair, a black stuff gown reaching to neck and

wrists, and small silk neckerchief put on like a shawl ; a thin, almost gaunt, old woman, whom the years had not used tenderly, and who showed marks of their usage—but a resolute, high-couraged soul, who had met hard times in the face, and could meet them again if need were. She spoke in broad Berkshire, and was otherwise a homely body, but self-possessed and without a shade of real vulgarity in her composition.

The widow looked with some anxiety at Harry as he took his seat. Although something of a rustic dandy, of late he had not been so careful in this matter as usual ; but, in consequence of her reproaches, on this Sunday there was nothing to complain of. His black velvet shooting-coat and cotton plush waistcoat, his brown corduroy knee breeches and gaiters sat on him well, and gave the world assurance of a well-to-do man, for few of the Engleburn labourers rose above smock-frocks and fustian trousers. He wore a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his neck, and his shirt, though coarse in texture, was as white as the sun and the best laundress in Engleburn could manage to bleach it. There was nothing to find fault with in his dress therefore, but still his mother did not feel quite comfortable as she took stealthy glances at him. Harry was naturally rather a reserved fellow, and did not make much conversation himself, and his mother felt a little embarrassed on this particular morning.

It was not, therefore, until Dame Winburn had finished her first slice of bread and butter, and had sipped the greater part of her second dish of tea out of her saucer, that she broke silence.

"I minded thy business last night, Harry, when I wur up at the rectory about the washin'. It's my belief as thou'lt get t'other 'lotment next quarter-day. The doctor spoke very kind about it, and said as how he heerd as high a character o' thee, young as thee bist, as of are' a man in the parish, and as how he wur set on lettin' the lots to they as'd do best by 'em ; only he said as the farmers went agin givin' more nor an

acre to any man as worked for *them*, and the doctor, you see, he don't like to go altogether agin the vestry folk."

"What business is it o' theirs," said Harry, "so long as they get their own work done? There's scarce one on 'em as hasn't more land already nor he can keep as should be, and for all that they want to snap up every bit as falls vacant, so as no poor man shall get it."

"'Tis mostly so with them as has," said his mother, with a half-puzzled look; "Scriptur says as to them shall be given, and they shall have more abundant." Dame Winburn spoke hesitatingly, and looked doubtfully at Harry, as a person who has shot with a strange gun, and knows not what effect the bolt may have. Harry was brought up all standing by this unexpected quotation of his mother's; but, after thinking for a few moments while he cut himself a slice of bread, replied:—

"It don't say as those shall have more that can't use what they've got already. 'Tis a deal more like Naboth's vineyard for aught as I can see. But 'tis little odds to me which way it goes."

"How canst talk so, Harry?" said his mother reproachfully; "thou know'st thou wast set on it last fall, like a wapse on sugar. Why, scarce a day past but thou wast up to the rectory, to see the doctor about it; and now thou'rt like to get it, thou'lt not go against 'un."

Harry looked out at the open door, without answering. It was quite true that, in the last autumn, he had been very anxious to get as large an allotment as he could into his own hands, and that he had been for ever up towards the rectory, but perhaps not always on the allotment business. He was naturally a self-reliant, shrewd fellow, and felt that if he could put his hand on three or four acres of land, he could soon make himself independent of the farmers. He knew that at harvest-times, and whenever there was a pinch for good labourers, they would be glad enough to have him; while at other times, with a few acres of his own, he would be his own master, and could do much better

for himself. So he had put his name down first on the doctor's list, taken the largest lot he could get, and worked it so well, that his crops, amongst others, had been a sort of village-show last harvest-time. Many of the neighbouring allotments stood out in sad contrast to those of Harry and the more energetic of the peasantry, and lay by the side of these latter, only half worked and full of weeds, and the rent was never ready. It was worse than useless to let matters go on thus, and the question arose, what was to be done with the neglected lots. Harry, and all the men like him, applied at once for them; and their eagerness to get them had roused some natural jealousy amongst the farmers, who began to foresee that the new system might shortly leave them with none but the worst labourers. So the vestry had pressed on the doctor, as Dame Winburn said, not to let any man have more than an acre, or an acre and a half; and the well-meaning, easy-going, invalid old man couldn't make up his mind what to do. So here was May come again, and the neglected lots were still in the nominal occupation of the idlers. The doctor got no rent, and was annoyed at the partial failure of a scheme which he had not indeed originated, but for which he had taken much credit to himself. The negligent occupiers grumbled that they were not allowed a drawback for manure, and that no pigstyes were put up for them. "'Twas allers understood so," they maintained, "and they'd never ha' took to the lots but for that." The good men grumbled that it would be too late now for them to do more than clean the lots of weeds this year. The farmers grumbled that it was always understood no man should have more than one lot. The poor rector had led his flock into a miry place with a vengeance. People who cannot make up their minds breed trouble in other places besides country villages. However quiet and out-of-the-way the place may be, there is always some *quasi* public topic which stands, to the rural Englishman, in the place of treaty, or budget, or reform-bill. So the great allotment question, for the time,

was that which exercised the minds of the inhabitants of Englebourne; and until lately no one had taken a keener interest in it than Harry Winburn. But that interest had now much abated, and so Harry looked through the cottage-door, instead of answering his mother.

"'Tis my belief as you med amost hev it for the axin'," Dame Winburn began again, when she found that he would not re-open the subject himself. "The young missus said as much to me herself last night. Ah! to be sure, things 'd go better if she had the guidin on 'em."

"I'm not going after it any more, mother. We can keep the bits o' sticks here together without it while you be alive; and if anything was to happen to you, I don't think I should stay in these parts. But it don't matter what becomes o' me; I can earn a livelihood anywhere."

Dame Winburn paused a moment, before answering, to subdue her vexation, and then said, "How can 'ee let hankerin' arter a lass take the heart out o' thee so? Hold up thy head, and act a bit measterful. The more thou makest o' thyself, the more like thou art to win."

"Did you hear ought of her, mother, last night?" replied Harry, taking advantage of this ungracious opening to speak of the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"I heered she wur going on well," said his mother.

"No likelihood of her comin' home?"

"Not as I could make out. Why, she hev'n't been gone not four months. Now, do'ee pluck up a bit, Harry; and be more like thyself."

"Why, mother, I've not missed a day's work since Christmas; so there ain't much to find fault with."

"Nay, Harry, 'tisn't thy work. Thou wert always good at thy work, praise God. Thou'rt thy father's own son for that. But thou dostn't keep about like, and take thy place w' the lave on 'em since Christmas. Thou look'st hagged at times, and folk 'll see it, and talk about thee afore long."

"Let 'em talk. I mind their talk no

more than last year's wind," said Harry abruptly.

"But thy old mother does," she said, looking at him with eyes full of pride and love; and so Harry, who was a right good son, began to inquire what it was which was specially weighing on his mother's mind, determined to do anything in reason to replace her on the little harmless social pinnacle from which she was wont to look down on all the other mothers and sons of the parish. He soon found out that her present grievance arose from his having neglected his place as ringer of the heavy bell in the village peal on the two preceding Sundays; and, as this post was in some sort corresponding to stroke of the boat at Oxford, her anxiety was reasonable enough. So Harry promised to go to ringing in good time that morning, and then set about little odds and ends of jobs till it would be time to start. Dame Winburn went to her cooking and other household duties, which were pretty well got under when her son took his hat and started for the belfry. She stood at the door with a half-peeled potato in one hand, shading her eyes with the other, as she watched him striding along the raised footpath under the elms, when the sound of light footsteps and pleasant voices coming up from the other direction made her turn round, and drop a curtsy as the rector's daughter and another young lady stopped at her door.

"Good morning, Betty," said the former; "here's a bright Sunday morning at last, isn't it?"

"'Tis indeed, miss; but where hev'ee been to?"

"Oh, we've only been for a little walk before school-time. This is my cousin, Betty. She hasn't been at Englebourne since she was quite a child; so I've been taking her to the Hawk's Lynch to see our view."

"And you can't think how I have enjoyed it," said her cousin; "it is so still and beautiful."

"I've heer'd say as there ain't no such a place for thretty mile round," said Betty proudly. "But do 'ee come in,

tho', and sit'ee down a bit," she added, bustling inside her door, and beginning to rub down a chair with her apron; "'tis a smart step for gentlefolk to walk afore church." Betty's notions of the walking powers of gentlefolk were very limited.

"No, thank you, we must be getting on," said Miss Winter; "but how lovely your flowers are. Look, Mary, did you ever see such double pansies? We've nothing like them at the rectory."

"Do'ee take some," said Betty, emerging again, and beginning to pluck a handful of her finest flowers; "'tis all our Harry's doing; he's mazin partickler about seeds."

"He seems to make everything thrive, Betty. There, that's plenty, thank you. We won't take many, for fear they should fade before church is over."

"Oh, don't'ee be afeard, there's plenty more; and you be as welcom as the day."

Betty never said a truer word; she was one of the real open-handed sort, who are found mostly amongst those who have the least to give. They or any one else were welcome to the best she had.

So the young ladies took the flowers, and passed on towards the Sunday-school.

The rector's daughter might have been a year or so older than her companion; she looked more. Her position in the village had been one of much anxiety, and she was fast getting an old head on young shoulders. The other young lady was a slip of a girl just coming out; in fact, this was the first visit which she had ever paid out of leading strings. She had lived in a happy home, where she had always been trusted and loved, and perhaps a thought too much petted.

There are some natures which attract petting; you can't help doing your best to spoil them in this way, and it is satisfactory therefore to know (as the fact is) that they are just the ones which cannot be so spoiled.

Miss Mary was one of these. Trustful, for she had never been tricked;

fearless, for she had never been cowed; pure and bright as the Englebourn brook at fifty yards from its parent spring in the chalk, for she had a pure and bright nature, and had come in contact as yet with nothing which could soil or cast a shadow! What wonder that her life gave forth light and music as it glided on, and that every one who knew her was eager to have her with them, to warm themselves in the light and rejoice in the music.

Besides all her other attractions, or in consequence of them for anything I know, she was one of the merriest young women in the world, always ready to bubble over and break out into clear laughter on the slightest provocation. And provocation had not been wanting during the last two days which she had spent with her cousin. As usual, she had brought sunshine with her, and the old doctor had half-forgotten his numerous complaints and grievances for the time. So the cloud, which generally hung over the house, had been partially lifted, and Mary, knowing and suspecting nothing of the dark side of life at Englebourn rectory, rallied her cousin on her gravity, and laughed till she cried at the queer ways and talk of the people about the place.

As soon as they were out of hearing of Dame Winburn, Mary began—

"Well, Katie, I can't say that you have mended your case at all."

"Surely you can't deny that there is a great deal of character in Betty's face?" said Miss Winter.

"Oh, plenty of character: all your people, as soon as they begin to stiffen a little and get wrinkles, seem to be full of character, and I enjoy it much more than beauty; but we were talking about beauty, you know."

"Betty's son is the handsomest young man in the parish," said Miss Winter; "and I must say I don't think you could find a better-looking one anywhere."

"Then I can't have seen him."

"Indeed you have; I pointed him out to you at the post-office yesterday."

Don't you remember? he was waiting for a letter."

"Oh, yes! now I remember. Well, he was better than most. But the faces of your young people in general are not interesting—I don't mean the children, but the young men and women—and they are awkward and clownish in their manners, without the quaintness of the elder generation, who are the funniest old dears in the world."

"They will all be quaint enough as they get older. You must remember the sort of life they lead. They get their notions very slowly, and they must have notions in their heads before they can show them on their faces."

"Well, your Betty's son looked as if he had a notion of hanging himself yesterday."

"It's no laughing matter, Mary. I hear he is desperately in love."

"Poor fellow! that makes a difference, of course. I hope he won't carry out his notion. Who is it, do you know? Do tell me all about it."

"Our gardener's daughter, I believe. Of course I never meddle with these matters, but one can't help hearing the servants' gossip. I think it likely to be true, for he was about our premises at all sorts of times until lately, and I never see him now that she is away."

"Is she pretty?" said Mary, who was getting interested.

"Yes, she is our belle. In fact, they are the two beauties of the parish."

"Fancy that cross-grained old Simon having a pretty daughter. Oh, Katie, look here, who is this figure of fun?"

The figure of fun was a middle-aged man of small stature, and very bandy-legged, dressed in a blue coat and brass buttons, and carrying a great bass-viol bigger than himself, in a rough baize cover. He came out of a footpath into the road just before them, and on seeing them touched his hat to Miss Winter, and then fidgeted along with his load, and jerked his head in a deprecatory manner away from them as he walked on, with the sort of look and action which a favourite terrier uses when his master holds out a lighted cigar to his

nose. He was the village tailor and constable, also the principal performer in the church-music which obtained in Englebourn. In the latter capacity he had of late come into collision with Miss Winter. For this was another of the questions which divided the parish—the great church-music question. From time immemorial, at least ever since the gallery at the west end had been built, the village psalmody had been in the hands of the occupiers of that Protestant structure. In the middle of the front row sat the musicians, three in number, who played respectively a bass-viol, a fiddle, and a clarionet. On one side of them were two or three young women, who sang treble—shrill, ear-piercing treble,—with a strong nasal Berkshire drawl in it. On the other side of the musicians sat the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and other tradesmen of the place. Tradesman means in that part of the country what we mean by artizan, and these were naturally allied more with the labourers, and consorted with them. So far as church-going was concerned, they formed a sort of independent opposition, sitting in the gallery, instead of in the nave, where the farmers and the two or three principal shopkeepers—the great landed and commercial interests—regularly sat and slept, and where the two publicans occupied pews, but seldom made even the pretence of worshipping.

The rest of the gallery was filled by the able-bodied male peasantry. The old worn-out men generally sat below in the free seats; the women also, and some few boys. But the hearts of these latter were in the gallery,—a seat on the back benches of which was a sign that they had indured the *toga virilis*, and were thenceforth free from maternal and pastoral tutelage in the matter of church-going. The gallery thus constituted had gradually usurped the psalmody as their particular and special portion of the service: they left the clerk and the school children, aided by such of the aristocracy below as cared to join, to do the responses; but, when singing time came, they reigned supreme. The slate

on which the Psalms were announced was hung out from before the centre of the gallery, and the clerk, leaving his place under the reading desk, marched up there to give them out. He took this method of preserving his constitutional connexion with the singing, knowing that otherwise he could not have maintained the rightful position of his office in this matter. So matters had stood until shortly before the time of our story.

The present curate, however, backed by Miss Winter, had tried a reform. He was a quiet man, with a wife and several children, and small means. He had served in the diocese ever since he had been ordained, in a hum-drum sort of way, going where he was sent for, and performing his routine duties reasonably well, but without showing any great aptitude for his work. He had little interest, and had almost given up expecting promotion, which he certainly had done nothing particular to merit. But there was one point on which he was always ready to go out of his way, and take a little trouble. He was a good musician, and had formed choirs at all his former curacies.

Soon after his arrival, therefore, he, in concert with Miss Winter, had begun to train the children in church-music. A small organ, which had stood in a passage in the rectory for many years, had been repaired, and appeared first at the school room, and at length under the gallery of the church; and it was announced one week to the party in possession, that, on the next Sunday, the constituted authorities would take the church-music into their own hands. Then arose a strife, the end of which had nearly been to send the gallery off in a body, headed by the offended bass-viol, to the small red-brick little Bethel at the other end of the village. Fortunately the curate had too much good sense to drive matters to extremities, and so alienate the parish constable, and a large part of his flock, though he had not tact or energy enough to bring them round to his own views. So a compromise was come to; and the curate's choir

were allowed to chant the Psalms and Canticles, which had always been read before, while the gallery remained triumphant masters of the regular Psalms.

My readers will now understand why Miss Winter's salutation to the musical Constable was not so cordial as it was to the other villagers whom they had come across previously.

Indeed, Miss Winter, though she acknowledged the Constable's salutation, did not seem inclined to encourage him to accompany them, and talk his mind out, although he was going the same way with them; and, instead of drawing him out, as was her wont in such cases, went on talking herself to her cousin.

The little man walked out in the road, evidently in trouble of mind. He did not like to drop behind or go ahead without some further remark from Miss Winter, and yet could not screw up his courage to the point of opening the conversation himself. So he ambled on alongside the footpath on which they were walking, showing his discomfort by a twist of his neck every few seconds (as though he were nodding at them with the side of his head) and perpetual shiftings of his bass viol, and hunching up of one shoulder.

The conversation of the young ladies under these circumstances was of course forced; and Miss Mary, though infinitely delighted at the meeting, soon began to pity their involuntary companion. She was full of the sensitive instinct which the best sort of women have to such a marvellous extent, and which tells them at once and infallibly if any one in their company has even a creased rose-leaf next their moral skin.

Before they had walked a hundred yards she was interceding for the rebellious Constable.

"Katie," she said softly, in French, "do speak to him. The poor man is frightfully uncomfortable."

"It serves him right," answered Miss Winter, in the same language; "you don't know how impertinent he was the other day to Mr. Walker. And he won't give way on the least point, and leads

the rest of the old singers, and makes them as stubborn as himself."

"But do look how he is winking and jerking his head at you. You really mustn't be so cruel to him, Katie. I shall have to begin talking to him if you don't."

Thus urged, Miss Winter opened the conversation by asking after his wife, and, when she had ascertained "that his missus wur pretty middlin," made some other common-place remark, and relapsed into silence. By the help of Mary, however, a sort of disjointed dialogue was kept up till they came to the gate which led up to the school, into which the children were trooping by twos and threes. Here the ladies turned in, and were going up the walk, towards the school door, when the Constable summoned up courage to speak on the matter which was troubling him, and, resting the bass viol carefully on his right foot, called out after them,

"Oh, please marm! Miss Winter!"

"Well," she said quietly, turning round, "what do you wish to say?"

"Wy, please marm, I hopes as you don't think I be any ways unked 'bout this here quire-singin as they calls it—I'm sartin you knows as there aint amost nothing I wouldn't do to please ee."

"Well, you know how to do it very easily," she said when he paused. "I don't ask you even to give up your music and try to work with us, though I think you might have done that. I only ask you to use some psalms and tunes which are fit to be used in a church."

"To be shure us ool. 'Taint we as wants no new-fangled tunes; them as we sings be aal owld ones as ha' been used in our church ever since I can mind. But you only choose thaay as you likes out o' the book, and we be ready to kep to thaay."

"I think Mr. Walker made a selection for you some weeks ago," said Miss Winter; "did not he?"

"'Ees, but 'tis narra mossel o' use for we to try his 'goriums and sich like. I hopes you wunt be offended wi' me,

miss, for I be telling nought but truth." He spoke louder as they got nearer to the school door, and, as they were opening it, shouted his last shot after them, "'Tis na good to try thaay tunes o' his'n, miss. When us praises God, us likes to praise un joyful."

"There, you hear that, Mary," said Miss Winter. "You'll soon begin to see why I look grave. There never was such a hard parish to manage. Nobody will do what they ought. I never can get them to do anything. Perhaps we may manage to teach the children better, that's my only comfort."

"But, Katie dear, what *do* the poor things sing? Psalms, I hope."

"Oh yes, but they choose all the odd ones on purpose, I believe. Which class will you take?"

And so the young ladies settled to their teaching, and the children in her class all fell in love with Mary before church time.

The bass viol proceeded to the church and did the usual rehearsals, and gossiped with the sexton, to whom he confided the fact that the young missus was terrible vexed. The bells soon began to ring, and Widow Winburn's heart was glad as she listened to the full peal, and thought to herself that it was her Harry who was making so much noise in the world, and speaking to all the neighbourhood. Then the peal ceased as church-time drew near, and the single bell began, and the congregation came flocking in from all sides. The farmers, letting their wives and children enter, gathered round the chief porch and compared notes in a ponderous manner on crops and markets. The labourers collected near the door by which the gallery was reached. All the men of the parish seemed to like standing about before church, though poor Walker, the curate, did not appear. He came up with the school children and the young ladies, and in due course the bell stopped and the service began. There was a very good congregation still at Englebourne; the adult generation had been bred up in times when every decent person in the parish

went to church, and the custom was still strong, notwithstanding the rector's bad example. He scarcely ever came to church himself in the mornings, though his wheel-chair might be seen going up and down on the gravel before his house or on the lawn on warm days ; and this was one of his daughter's greatest troubles.

The little choir of children sang admirably, led by the schoolmistress, and Miss Winter and the curate exchanged approving glances. They performed the liveliest chant in their collection, that the opposition might have no cause to complain of their want of joyfulness. And in turn Miss Wheeler was in hopes that out of deference to her the usual rule of selection in the gallery might have been modified. It was with no small annoyance, therefore, that, after the Litany was over and the tuning finished, she heard the clerk give out that they would praise God by singing part of the ninety-first Psalm. Mary, who was on the tiptoe of expectation as to what was coming, saw the curate give a slight shrug with his shoulders and lift of his eyebrows as he left the reading-desk, and in another minute it became a painful effort for her to keep from laughing as she slyly watched her cousin's face ; while the gallery sang with vigour worthy of any cause or occasion—

" On the old lion He shall go,
The adder fell and long ;
On the young lion tread also,
With dragons stout and strong."

The trebles took up the last line, and repeated—

" With dragons stout and strong ;"

and then the whole strength of the gallery chorused again,

" With dra-gons stout and strong,"

and the bass viol seemed to her to prolong the notes and to gloat over them as he droned them out, looking triumphantly at the distant curate. Mary

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was thankful to kneel down to compose her face. The first trial was the severe one, and she got through the second psalm much better ; and by the time Mr. Walker had plunged fairly into his sermon she was a model of propriety and sedateness again. But it was to be a Sunday of adventures. The sermon had scarcely begun when there was a stir down by the door at the west end, and people began to look round and whisper. Presently a man came softly up and said something to the clerk ; the clerk jumped up and whispered to the curate, who paused for a moment with a puzzled look, and, instead of finishing his sentence, said in a loud voice, " Farmer Grove's house is on fire !"

The curate probably anticipated the effect of his words ; in a minute he was the only person left in the church except the clerk and one or two very infirm old folk. He shut up and pocketed his sermon, and followed his flock.

It proved luckily to be only farmer Grove's chimney and not his house which was on fire. The farmhouse was only two fields from the village, and the congregation rushed across there, Harry Winburn and two or three of the most active young men and boys leading. As they entered the yard the flames were rushing out of the chimney, and any moment the thatch might take fire. Here was the real danger. A ladder had just been reared against the chimney, and, while a frightened farm-girl and a carter-boy held it at the bottom, a man was going up it carrying a bucket of water. It shook with his weight, and the top was slipping gradually along the face of the chimney, and in another moment would rest against nothing. Harry and his companions saw the danger at a glance, and shouted to the man to stand still till they could get to the ladder. They rushed towards him with the rush which men can only make under strong excitement ; but the foremost of them caught a spoke with one hand, and, before he could steady it, the top slipped clear of the chimney, and

ladder, man, and bucket came heavily to the ground.

Then came a scene of bewildering confusion, as women and children trooped into the yard—"Who was it?" "Was he dead?" "The fire was catching the thatch." "The stables were on fire." "Who done it?"—all sorts of cries, and all sorts of acts except the right ones. Fortunately, two or three of the men, with heads on their shoulders, soon organized a line for handing buckets; the flue was stopped below, and Harry Winburn, standing nearly at the top of the ladder, which was now safely planted, was deluging the thatch round the chimney from the buckets handed up to him. In a few minutes he was able to pour water down the chimney itself, and soon afterwards the whole affair was at an end. The farmer's dinner was spoilt, but otherwise no damage had been done, except to the clothes of the foremost men; and the only accident was that first fall from the ladder.

The man had been carried out of the yard while the fire was still burning; so that it was hardly known who it was. Now, in answer to their inquiries, it proved to be old Simon, the rector's gardener and head man, who had seen the fire, and sent the news to the church, while he himself went to the spot, with such result as we have seen.

The surgeon had not yet seen him. Some declared he was dead; others, that he was sitting up at home, and quite well. Little by little the crowd dispersed to Sunday's dinners; and, when they met again before the afternoon's service, it was ascertained that Simon was certainly not dead, but all else was still nothing more than rumour. Public opinion was much divided, some holding that it would go hard with a man of his age and heft; but the common belief seemed to be that he was of that sort "as'd take a deal o' killin'," and that he would be none the worse for such a fall as that.

The two young ladies had been much shocked at the accident, and had accompanied the hurdle on which old Simon was carried to his cot-

tage door; after afternoon service they went round by the cottage to inquire. The two girls knocked at the door, which was opened by his wife, who dropped a curtsy and smoothed down her Sunday apron when she found who were her visitors.

She seemed at first a little unwilling to let them in; but Miss Winter pressed so kindly to see her husband, and Mary made such sympathising eyes at her, that the old woman gave in, and conducted her through the front room into that beyond, where the patient lay.

"I hope as you'll excuse it, miss, for I knows the place do smell terrible bad of baccar; only my old man he said as how—"

"Oh, never mind, we don't care at all about the smell. Poor Simon! I'm sure if it does him any good, or soothes the pain, I shall be glad to buy him some tobacco myself."

The old man was lying on the bed with his coat and boots off, and a worsted nightcap of his wife's knitting pulled on to his head. She had tried hard to get him to go to bed at once, and take some physic, and his present costume and position was the compromise. His back was turned to them as they entered, and he was evidently in pain, for he drew his breath heavily and with difficulty, and gave a sort of groan at every respiration. He did not seem to notice their entrance; so his wife touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Simon, here's the young ladies come to see how you be."

Simon turned himself round, and winced and groaned as he pulled off his nightcap in token of respect.

"We didn't like to go home without coming to see how you were, Simon. Has the doctor been?"

"Oh, yes, thank'ee, miss. He've a been and feel'd un all over, and listened at the chest on un," said his wife.

"And what did he say?"

"A zem'd to zay as there wur no bwones bruk—ugh, ugh," put in Simon, who spoke his native tongue with a buzz, imported from farther west, "but

a couldn't zay wether or no there warn't som infarnal injury—"

"Eternal, Simon, eternal!" interrupted his wife; "how canst use such words afore the young ladies?"

"I tell'ee, wife, as 'twur infarnal—ugh, ugh," retorted the gardener.

"Internal injury?" suggested Miss Winter. "I'm very sorry to hear it."

"Zummat inside o' me like, as wur got out o' place," explained Simon; "and I thinks a must be near about the mark, for I feels mortal bad here when I tries to move;" and he put his hand on his side. "Hows'm'ever, as there's no bwones bruk, I hopes to be about to-morrow mornin', please the Lord—ugh, ugh!"

"You mustn't think of it, Simon," said Miss Winter. "You must be quite quiet for a week, at least, till you get rid of this pain."

"So I tells un, Miss Winter," put in the wife. "You hear what the young missus says, Simon?"

"And wut's to happen Tiny?" said the contumacious Simon scornfully. "Her'll cast her calf, and me not by. Her's calving may be this minut. Tiny's time wur up, miss, two days back, and her's never no gurt while arter her time."

"She will do very well, I dare say," said Miss Winter. "One of the men can look after her."

The notion of any one else attending Tiny in her interesting situation seemed to excite Simon beyond bearing, for he raised himself on one elbow, and was about to make a demonstration with his other hand, when the pain seized him again, and he sank back groaning.

"There, you see, Simon, you can't move without pain. You must be quiet till you have seen the doctor again."

"There's the red spider out along the south wall, ugh, ugh," persisted Simon, without seeming to hear her; "and your new g'raniums a'most covered wi' blight. I wur a tacklin' one on 'em just afore you cum in."

Following the direction indicated by his nod, the girls became aware of a plant by his bed-side, which he had been fumigating, for his pipe was leaning against the flower-pot in which it stood.

"He wouldn't lie still nohow, miss," explained his wife, "till I went and fetched un in a pipe and one o' thaay plants from the greenhouse."

"It was very thoughtful of you, Simon," said Miss Winter; "you know how much I prize these new plants: but we will manage them; and you mustn't think of these things now. You have had a wonderful escape to-day for a man of your age. I hope we shall find that there is nothing much the matter with you after a few days, but you might have been killed, you know. You ought to be very thankful to God that you were not killed in that fall."

"So I be, miss, werry thankful to un—ugh, ugh;—and if it please the Lord to spare my life till to-morrow mornin',—ugh, ugh,—we'll smoke them cussed insects."

This last retort of the incorrigible Simon on her cousin's attempt, as the rector's daughter, to improve the occasion, was too much for Miss Mary, and she slipped out of the room lest she should bring disgrace on herself by an explosion of laughter. She was joined by her cousin in another minute, and the two walked together towards the rectory.

"I hope you were not faint, dear, with that close room, smelling of smoke?"

"Oh, dear no; to tell you the truth, I was only afraid of laughing at your quaint old patient. What a rugged old dear it is. I hope he isn't much hurt."

"I hope not, indeed; for he is the most honest, faithful old servant in the world, but so obstinate. He never will go to church on Sunday mornings; and, when I speak to him about it, he says papa doesn't go, which is very wrong and impertinent of him."

To be continued.

THE PAPAL EXCOMMUNICATION: A DIALOGUE.

A. I HAVE been talking with our friend G——, the Roman Catholic convert, about the Excommunication. It is all in vain. He will not see that the nineteenth century is different from the thirteenth.

B. In what respects do *you* think them different?

A. Looking at facts, not at theories—not determining which is worst or which is best—I should say that invisible terrors had a power for the one which they have not for the other.

B. On what facts would you rest that opinion?

A. They are obvious enough, I should suppose. That G—— should be unable to see them causes me little surprise. Facts were always coloured for him by the fancy which looked at them. Whatever might be his prevailing notions at the time determined—not his judgment of the events which he read of, or which were passing before him,—but their very form and nature.

B. I am afraid G—— is not a very exceptional observer. The *siccum lumen* is a rare gift. Let us ask for it, but not be sure that we have attained it. What facts in the thirteenth century were you thinking of?

A. I know that, if I used any general phrase, such as “the mediæval period,” or “the dark ages,” you would take me to task; so I tried to be definite.

B. Let us be a little more definite still. You would not complain of me, would you, if I fixed on the first sixteen years of that century for a comparison with our own?

A. Certainly not. I should have fancied that I was unfair in selecting the palmiest days of the Papacy, the glorious era of Innocent III., for the support of my position.

B. I willingly accept it. And, to make the trial fair, let the scene be laid in Italy. What say you of the relations between Innocent and Venice as illustrated by the story of the fourth Crusade?

A. No doubt the great Republic, having fixed its eyes on its old Greek enemy, showed a strange indifference to the thunders of the Vatican, and preferred the spoils of Constantinople to those of Jerusalem. One must always make exceptions for commercial cupidity and ambition. There *is*, I confess, a link between the two ages. The same causes produce the same effects. England has inherited the Venetian scorn for the invisible.

B. The sea I should have thought was not exactly the school for learning that scorn. The mystery of invisible force, its victory and its terrors, is suggested to the sailor and the trader, almost as strikingly as to the landsman.

A. You are playing with the words “invisible force” and “invisible terrors.” What have the winds and waves, what have men’s triumphs over them, to do with Excommunication?

B. I might respond, What have cupidity and ambition to do with Excommunication? Those also are invisible forces. You may hold that they enable Nations to despise the vague and unreal. I think they cause Nations to tremble before the vague and unreal. On the other hand, whatever there is in the sailor or merchant which does not merely grasp at pelf and dominion; whatever shows him his subjection to eternal laws; whatever makes him conscious of human strength and weakness; whatever teaches him to recognise a fellowship which seas and difference of customs do not break; this lifts him above the mere show of invisible authority by giving him an apprehension of its reality.

A. The Merchant City, whatever may be the reason, was the one which could in that day defy the terrors of the Vatican, could compel the Latin Church to accept Constantinople as a boon from the very hands which she had pronounced accursed for touching it. What an opposite spectacle do King John and England present!

B. How, opposite? England in the thirteenth century trembled when graves were left unclosed, children unbaptized, couples unmarried. England in the nineteenth century could bear such spectacles no better. But if a majority of the Clergy yielded to the commands of him who issued the Interdict—if John with his weight of merited unpopularity shook with good reason before the decree which permitted any subject whose coffers he had robbed, or whose wife he had defiled, to strike him dead; was not Magna Charta won in defiance of the curse which was launched against those who touched the Pope's vassal? did not Stephen Langton teach the nobles to express their sacrilegious claims, and to word them so that serfs should afterwards be the better for them? Was there no mockery of Excommunication in the thirteenth century? Did the mockery only come from men enlightened by commerce? Did it not come from those who felt that they were called by God to assert their rights as members of a Nation? Did not the priests who had received their nomination from Innocent, bear their full part in it?

A. I do not know that G—— could be much better pleased with your reading of history than with mine. Goneril leaves poor Lear his fifty knights in the good old armour; Regan will not even allow him these.

B. I do not think the solemn lessons of the past must be expanded or contracted to suit the convenience of Protestant or Romanist commentators, to flatter the prejudices of the idolator of the Middle Ages or of the Victorian Age. We want these lessons for our warning and our encouragement. Woe to us if we twist them so that they shall be useless for either purpose! If I think you conceded too much to your ultramontane friend in admitting that an Excommunication was sure to be effectual six centuries ago, I think you were unjust to him in saying that it *must* be ineffectual now.

A. You do not mean that you think the present one will be effectual in Romagna, in Tuscany, in Piedmont?

B. I hope and trust not. But my trust and hope rest upon another ground than the notion that Italians or Englishmen of this day are made of different stuff from their forefathers. I want them both to believe that they are made of the same stuff. I can look for no good to one or the other if they lose that faith.

A. And you honestly hold that men living amidst the noise of spinning-jennies and the endless movement of printing-presses can be affected by invisible terrors as those were who lived when women were thrown into the water to see whether their floating would convict them of witchcraft?

B. I should have thought the printing-press had brought us much more within the scope and sense of invisible agencies than the ordeal ever could have brought our ancestors.

A. How?

B. The woman is visible; the water or hot iron is visible; the sentence of death is visible. From Printing House Square there issues a power which goes through the length and breadth of the land. No one can tell whence it proceeds or what it is. But it is felt in every limb of the English body politic; whether it is an energy for health or for destruction, it is surely invisible, indefinable, mysterious.

A. Again I must ask you, what has this to do with Excommunication?

B. Again I must answer you; it has everything to do with Excommunication. It is Excommunication which all people in all circles, little and great, dread. They fear the awful sentence which may go forth from their circle, or from the dictator of it, cutting them off from its privileges and its fellowship. The fear of public opinion, the fear of newspapers, is nothing else than the fear that from them should issue the decree of Excommunication. Your nineteenth century is not rid of this fear in the very least degree. No one of your English classes is free from it. Read any United States newspaper, and see whether you will escape from it by flying into that more ad-

vanced state of civilization. De Tocqueville explained nearly thirty years ago that that was the very region in which social Excommunication was most tremendous.

A. But the Papal Excommunication is different in kind from this Social Excommunication. One belongs to the present only ; the other to the unknown future.

B. I do not admit a difference in kind. The Social Excommunication is altogether uncertain, indefinite. Those who utter it do not know exactly how much they intend by it. They admit degrees of exclusion, in some cases a possibility of restoration ; in some utter, irremediable banishment. How much is involved in that depends upon the nature and permanence of the society itself.

A. And, therefore, the Papacy, assuming the Church to be a permanent society existing in both worlds—binding all ages, past, present, and future together—of necessity regards utter exclusion from its society as the loss of every blessing that men or nations can inherit. Such an exclusion past ages thought it possible for a man to pronounce ; what I maintained in my conversation with G—— was that our age does not hold it to be possible. Do you demur to that proposition ?

B. I remember reading a pamphlet by a more eminent convert than your friend G——, written whilst he was a clergyman in the English Church. In it he told those who were attacking him for his opinions, that he despised their threats. But he added—

“Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis.”

His minor gods were the twenty-four bishops of the English Church ; Jupiter was the Archbishop of Canterbury. He learnt to think that the cardinals more properly represented the former ; that there was a thunderer in the Vatican more terrible than the thunderer of Lambeth. In his heart of hearts he confessed another power higher than any of these ; he feared them because he identified them with that power.

Whenever Nations in the old time confessed the might of the Papal Excommunication, it was because they identified the power which went forth in it with that higher Power ; whenever they resisted the Papal Excommunication it was because they could not identify one with the other. The *Jupiter* in the Vatican might be their enemy. But He who sat above the water-flood was not their enemy ; would only show Himself their enemy, would only exclude them from his fellowship and from the fellowship of the good and true in all ages, if they shrunk from the duty which He called them to do ; would uphold them against all visible and invisible foes if they stood forth like brave, earnest, faithful men, and utterly defied and set at nought those who bade them be cowardly and untrue. My hope and belief is that Tuscany, Parma, Romagna, Piedmont, have learnt and are learning more and more deeply this lesson. It is not that they disbelieve in the invisible Power which their fathers believed. They *have* been disbelieving in invisible Power ; they *have* been worshipping visible Power. *Now* they are awakening to a sense of the invisible ; *now* they are conscious that the invisible is fighting for them against the visible ; *now* they are sure that the Jupiter whom they may trust as a friend, whom they must fear as an enemy, is a God of Righteousness ; the Deliverer of man and nations out of the house of bondage ; always the enemy of the oppressor. To grasp this faith is to feel themselves a nation. To grasp this faith is to become one with the Italians of other times. They dare not tremble at the Excommunication of a visible ruler, because they do tremble at the Excommunication which may proceed from another Judge, and which may cut them off from fellowship with those that groaned and bled for righteousness and freedom in their own and every land.

A. You believe that Italy, after all, has learnt something from intercourse with us Protestants and Englishmen.

B. From us ? From the fine ladies and gentlemen who mock at their worship,

or indulge in *dilettante* admiration of it at Rome? From our diplomatists at Florence? From those who have bribed and corrupted them? No; they have had a better teacher. In Austrian, or Papal, or Neapolitan prisons He has been educating them. There He has been nerving them not to fear Papal Excommunication, but to be in great terror of His. Rather let us learn of those whom we might have helped, and have failed to

help. Let them instruct us that there is an invisible Power which is more to be dreaded than the invisible power of the Press or of the Stock Exchange! Let them remind us what an Excommunication that is which says to Nations, "They have cut themselves off from truth and righteousness! They have sold themselves to Mammon! Let them alone!"

THE FUSILIERS' DOG.

(LATELY RUN OVER, AFTER HAVING GONE THROUGH THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN.)

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE, BART.

Go lift him gently from the wheels,
And soothe his dying pain,
For love and care e'en yet he feels,
Though love and care be vain;
'Tis sad that, after all these years,
Our comrade and our friend,
The brave dog of the Fusiliers,
Should meet with such an end.

Up Alma's hill, among the vines,
We laughed to see him trot,
Then frisk along the silent lines,
To chase the rolling shot:
And, when the work waxed hard by day,
And hard and cold by night;
When that November morning lay
Upon us, like a blight,

And eyes were strained, and ears were bent,
Against the muttering north,
Till the grey mist took shape, and sent
Grey scores of Russians forth—
Beneath that slaughter wild and grim,
Nor man nor dog would run;
He stood by us, and we by him,
Till the great fight was done.

And right throughout the snow and frost
He faced both shot and shell;
Though unrelieved, he kept his post,
And did his duty well.

By death on death the time was stained,
By want, disease, despair;
Like autumn leaves our army waned,
But still the dog was there:

He cheered us through those hours of gloom;
We fed him in our dearth;
Through him the trench's living tomb
Rang loud with reckless mirth;
And thus, when peace returned once more,
After the city's fall,
That veteran home in pride we bore,
And loved him, one and all.

With ranks re-filled, our hearts were sick,
And to old memories clung;
The grim ravines we left glared thick
With death-stones of the young.
Hands which had patted him lay chill,
Voices which called were dumb,
And footsteps that he watched for still
Never again could come.

Never again; this world of woe
Still hurries on so fast;
They come not back, 'tis he must go
To join them in the past:
There, with brave names and deeds entwined,
Which Time may not forget,
Young Fusiliers unborn shall find
The legend of our pet.

Whilst o'er fresh years, and other life
 Yet in God's mystic urn,
 The picture of the mighty strife
 Arises sad and stern—
 Blood all in front, behind far shrines
 With women weeping low,
 For whom each lost one's fame but shines,
 As shines the moon on snow—

Marked by the medal, his of right,
 And by his kind keen face,
 Under that visionary light
 Poor Bob shall keep his place ;
 And never may our honoured Queen
 For love and service pay,
 Less brave, less patient, or more mean
 Than his we mourn to-day !

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE—IS IT PEACE?

BY T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

HAS Europe, at the point of civilization which it has reached, passed beyond the military stage of social progress, so that a disappearance of war is already before us in political prospect? This question raises, as will be seen, some collateral inquiries of practical and immediate moment; but, apart from the temporary interest and light which they may afford, the investigation is, at bottom, one of a philosophical character.

There is a matter of fact to be decided at the beginning. For an obvious, if not altogether conclusive, indication of the exorcism of the ancient combative spirit, and of the pacific structure and temper of modern civilization, would be a comparative infrequency in our own times of international quarrels and intestine conflicts and disquietude. A great predominance of peaceful interests and tendencies might naturally be expected to bear fruit and witness both in the foreign relations and in the internal condition of the states of Europe. And it is in fact asserted that there has been, beyond all controversy, a steady decline in the frequency of war in each successive century of modern history; a signal example of which is, as it is alleged, afforded by the repose of Europe, and of this country in particular,¹ during the

interval between 1815 and the commencement of the Russian war in 1853. With a view to enable the reader to judge for himself of the accuracy of this statement, and to collect such indications of the future as are possible from the observation of proximate antecedents, the following table has been prepared, exhibiting the wars and quarrels in which Great Britain has been involved from 1815 to the present time, as well as the wars and principal insurrections and revolutions which have disturbed the peace of the Continent within the same period.

<i>Wars, &c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>
	1816.
War with Algiers.	War between Spain and her revolted American colonies.
Commencement of the Pindaree War.	Army of occupation in France.
British troops continue to occupy France.	Revolutionary movements in several Continental States.
Ships equipped to assist the revolted colonies of Spain.	
	1817.
War in India.	War between Spain and her American colonies.
British troops continue to occupy France.	Invasion of Monte Video by Portugal.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	Insurrections in Spain.

¹ "That this barbarous pursuit is in the progress of society steadily declining, must be evident even to the most superficial reader of European history. If we compare one century with another we shall find that wars have been becoming less frequent; and now so clearly is the movement marked, that until the late commencement of hostilities (with Russia) we had remained at peace for nearly forty years; a circumstance unparal-

leled not only in the history of our own country, but also in the history of every other country which has been important enough to play a leading part in the history of the world. In the middle ages there was never a week without war. At the present moment war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence."—*Buckle's History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 173.

<i>Wars, &c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>	<i>Wars, &c. of Great Britain.</i>	<i>Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.</i>
	1817. Revolutionary movements in Germany and Sweden. Army of occupation in France.		1824.
War in India. British troops continue in France. Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain; Lord Cochrane takes command of the navy of the patriots.	1818. War between Spain and her American colonies. War in Turkey with the Wahabies. Disturbances at Constantinople. Quarrel between Bavaria and Baden.	Burmese War. Ashantee War. Lord Byron's expedition against Lapano. Recognition of the independence of the revolted colonies of Spain.	War between Turkey and Greece. War between Spain and the South American Republics. War between the Dutch and Celebes and Sumatra.
War in India at the commencement of the year. Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	1819. War between Spain and her American colonies. Serious disturbances in Spain. Insurrections in Turkey.	Burmese War. Ashantee War. Siege of Bhurtpore.	1825. War between Turkey and Greece. Dutch War with Java. Insurrections in Spain.
Lord Cochrane and a body of British seamen capture Valdivia, and make an expedition against Lima.	1820. War between Spain and her American colonies. War between the Dutch and Sumatra. Revolutions in Spain and Portugal. Insurrections in Piedmont and Naples. Revolt of Moldavia and Wallachia.	Burmese War. Ashantee War. War in India. Expedition of British fleet and troops to Portugal.	1826. War between Turkey and Greece. War between Russia and Persia. Spain prepares for war with Portugal; insurrections in both countries.
Conflicts in India. Policy of Great Britain adverse to the Holy Alliance. Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain.	1821. War between Spain and her American colonies. War between Turkey and Persia; also between Turkey and Greece. Revolutionary movements in Spain and Italy. Austrian military operations in Italy.	Rupture with Turkey. Operations of British army in Portugal. Dispute with Runjeet Singh.	1827. War between Russia and Turkey. War between Turkey and Greece (assisted by the Great Powers). Civil War in Spain.
Assistance to the revolted colonies of Spain. Quarrel with China.	1822. Turkey at war with Persia and Greece. Spain at war with her colonies. French army marches to the Pyrenees.	War with Turkey. British army in Portugal.	1828. War between Russia and Turkey. Expedition of French troops to Greece. Civil War in Spain and Portugal. War between Naples and Tripoli.
Burmese War. Imminent danger of war with France. Lord Byron's expedition to Greece.	1823. War between Spain and her colonies. War between Turkey and Greece. Invasion of Spain by a French army. Russia makes war in Circassia.	Dispute with China.	1829. War between Russia and Turkey. Russian invasion of Circassia. Civil War in Portugal.
		Dispute with China.	1830. War between Holland and Belgium. War in Poland. Russian War in the Caucasus. French War in Algeria. Revolution in France. Civil War in Spain and Portugal. Insurrection in Albania. Convulsions in Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.

Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.	Wars, &c. of Great Britain.	Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.
Insurrections in India. Quarrel with the Sikhs. Arrest by the French of the English Consul at Tahiti.	1844. War between France and Morocco. Insurrection in Spain. Russian War in the Caucasus. French Wars in Algeria, and Senegal.	War in India. Disturbances in Canada. Admiral Parker enters Besika Bay.	1849. French occupy Civita Vecchia, and besiege and storm Rome. War in Hungary. War in the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein. Russian War in the Caucasus. French War in Algeria.
Sikh War. Attack on the pirates of Borneo. Labuan occupied by the British. Dispute with the United States.	1845. Insurrections in Italy. French War in Algeria. Russian War in the Caucasus.	Blockade of the Piræus by the British fleet. Caffre War. War in India. Destruction of Chinese junks. Dispute with France; French Ambassador recalled. Angry despatch addressed to Great Britain by Russia.	1850. War in the Danish Duchies. Insurrection in Germany and Italy. Prussia on the brink of war with Austria concerning Hesse Cassel. Russian War in the Caucasus. French War in Algeria. French troops occupy Rome.
Sikh War. Engagement with New Zealanders. Expedition to the Tagus. Dissensions with France in consequence of the Spanish marriages and the affairs of Greece. Revolt of Boers at the Cape.	1846. Civil War in Portugal. Annexation of and insurrection in Cracow. Agitation in Hungary. French War in Algeria. Russian War in the Caucasus. Revolt of Sleswig and Holstein (encouraged by Prussia) from Denmark. Revolution in Switzerland. Quarrel between Greece and Turkey.	Caffre War. Insurrection of Hotentots. Expedition to Rangoon.	1851. Insurrection in Portugal. Coup d'état of Louis Napoleon. French War in Algeria. Russian War in the Caucasus. French troops occupy Rome.
War with Caffres and Boers. War with China. Insurrections in India.	1847. Civil War in Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland. Disturbances in Italy; Austria occupies Ferrara. Insurrection in Poland. French War in Algeria, and with Cochinchina. Russian War in the Caucasus.	Second Burmese War. Caffre War.	1852. French War in Algeria. Russian War in the Caucasus. French troops in Rome.
War in India. Caffre War. English Ambassador commanded to leave Madrid.	1848. War between Denmark and the Duchies (aided by Prussia). War between Austria and Sardinia. War in Hungary. War in the Duchy of Posen. Revolutions in France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, and several German States. Insurrections in Spain and Italy. Russian War in the Caucasus. French War in Algeria.	Preparations for War with Russia. Insult to British subjects at Madrid.	1853. War between Russia and Turkey. French War in Algeria. French troops in Rome.
		War with Russia.	1854. Russia at War with Turkey, France, and Great Britain. Austrian army enters the Principalities. Insurrections in Italy and Spain. Rupture between Turkey and Greece. French War in Algeria. French troops in Rome.

*Wars, &c. of Great Britain.**Wars, &c. of Continental States of Europe.*

War with Russia.
Insurrection of Santals
in Bengal.
Disturbances at the
Cape.

1855.

Russia at War with
Turkey, France,
Sardinia, and Great
Britain.

French War in Al-
geria.
French troops in
Rome.

1856.

Peace with Russia in
March, against the
wishes of the British
nation.

War with Persia.
War with China.
Rupture with Naples.
Oude annexed.

Russian War in the
Caucasus.

Insurrections in Spain.
Insurrectionary move-
ments in Italy.

Rupture between Prus-
sia and Neufchâtel.
French troops in
Rome.

1857.

War with China.
Indian Mutiny.

War, in the early part
of the year, with
Persia.

Insurrection at Sarā-
wak.

Russian War in the
Caucasus.

French troop in
Rome.

1858.

Serious differences
with France.

War with the Sepoys.
War with China.

Bombardment of Jed-
dah.

Dispute between
France and Portu-
gal.

French fleet des-
patched to Lisbon.

Russian War in the
Caucasus.

French troops in
Rome.

1859.

Preparations by sea
and land against
invasion; organiza-
tion of Volunteer
Rifle Corps.

Rebel army in Nepal.
Hostilities with the
Chinese.

Island of San Juan
occupied by Ameri-
can troops.

France and Sardinia
at war with Austria.
Revolts in Central
Italy.

France and Spain at
war with Cochín
China.

Russian War in the
Caucasus.

War between Spain
and Morocco.

French bombard Te-
tuan.

French troops in
Rome.

1860.

Expedition to China.
Distrust of the designs
of France.

Defensive preparations
continue.

War between Spain
and Morocco.

French expedition to
China.

French troops in Lom-
bardy and Rome.

Annexation of Savoy
and Nice by France.

Carlist rising in Spain.
Insurrection in Sicily.

Comparing these statistics with ante-
cedent periods of history, it does not
appear that there is evidence of a gradual
cessation of warfare and other serious
violations of the peace of nations. The
table does not exhibit one year from
1815 to the present date in which our own
country has not been either engaged in
actual hostilities in some part of the world,
or in some quarrel or proceeding likely to
end in war. Much less does it show a
single year in which all Europe was at
peace. Nor is the significance of recent
wars to be estimated by reference solely
to the amount of blood and treasure they
have cost; for the struggles of Russia
with Turkey, the campaigns of the French
in Algeria, Senegal and Lombardy,
the conflicts of Great Britain in India
and with China, and the aggressions of
Spain upon Morocco, are of moment
rather as prophetic than as historical
facts. Besides, it should be remembered
that the period from 1815 to 1854,
which has been so erroneously referred
to as giving proof of the peacefulness of
the modern spirit, began at the termina-
tion of the greatest war in the history of
mankind; one which by its very severi-
ty necessitated a long forbearance from
hostilities on a great scale, adding as it
did, for example, more than £600,000,000
to the debt of Great Britain, and ex-
hausting France of all her soldiers.

Contrasting one age with another,
Great Britain seems never to have been
so free from war in this century as in
Sir Robert Walpole's time. From the
treaty of Utrecht in 1713 until 1739,
the peace was only broken by occasional
hostilities with Spain of no considerable
importance, and Walpole's administra-
tion is commonly regarded as crowned
by almost unbroken peace. But the
nineteenth bears in this respect a still less
favourable comparison with the seven-
teenth century. From the accession of
James I. until the civil wars, England may
be said to have enjoyed continued peace,
for such operations as the expedition to
Rochelle scarcely deserve a place in the
history of war. Going farther back to the
hundred years between the battle of Bos-
worth and the commencement of the

struggle with Spain in Elizabeth's time, considering too the bloodless and theatrical character of Henry the Eighth's campaign, and the unimportance of the military annals of the two next reigns, we hardly exaggerate in saying that England was free from war from the union of the Roses until the equipment of the Spanish Armada. Confining ourselves to English history, it would thus appear that the portion of the nineteenth century already elapsed has been less peaceful than the corresponding period of each of the two preceding ones. And, indeed, it may be doubted whether any prior hundred and twenty years since the Conquest produced so many battles as were fought between 1740 and 1860.

A writer, already referred to, remarks that, "in the middle ages, there was never a week without war." But if we are to reckon all the feuds of the barons and squires in comparing the frequency of mediæval with modern hostilities, we must weight the scale of the latter with all the bloody revolutions, rebellions, and insurrections of modern times, and with greater justice in consequence of the tendency of these elements of disorder, peculiar to our era, to produce international strife or war in a wider sphere.

It is not an impertinent fact that from 1273 until 1339 England remained throughout at peace with the Continent, if at least the years 1293 and 1297 be excepted; in the former of which there was a collision between the French and English fleets, although their respective countries were not otherwise at war; and in the latter, Edward I. conducted an expedition to Flanders, which ended without a battle. It is true that in this period there were intermittent hostilities with Wales and Scotland. In a military sense the Welsh wars of England hardly deserve more notice than those of the Heptarchy. But there is a point of view from which the conflicts with Wales and Scotland, and those of the Heptarchy, alike possess political importance, and have a bearing upon the question now under consideration, be-

cause of their analogy to a process which is still going on in Europe, and still giving rise to problems of which no peaceful solution has yet been found possible for the most part,—knots, as it were, which must be cut with the sword.

The efforts of the English sovereigns in the middle ages for the annexation of Wales, and the reduction of Scotland to the position of a dependency, were the necessary antecedents of a political unity of Great Britain, corresponding with its natural or geographical unity, and conducive both to the internal peace of the island, and to its security from foreign aggression. It was absolutely indispensable for the civilization of England that the Heptarchy should be consolidated, and it was equally so that Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, should become integral parts of a united kingdom. It is obvious that the causes and chances of war would be infinitely multiplied were these three countries still separate and independent States, and that their union with their more powerful neighbour was requisite for the tranquillity and improvement of all, while it was preceded by struggles which, so far from being peculiar to barbarian or the middle ages, find almost exact parallels in the latest annals of human progress. Nor is it unworthy of remark that Edward I., the ablest prince since the Conquest, applied himself with equal zeal and ambition to the reduction of Wales and Scotland, and to the establishment of law and order throughout England. In like manner the complex movement which in one word, fruitful of mistakes, we call civilization, while bearing over the globe the seeds of future peace, has entailed all the maritime, colonial, and commercial wars of modern Europe. The art of navigation discovered upon the ocean a new element for the practice of hostilities. It was certainly not in a barbarous age, or by barbarous weapons, that the Colonial Empire of Great Britain was established. And what but the commercial spirit of the nineteenth century has carried the cannon of Great Britain into China? Surely it was not

the genius of barbarism that urged the American colonists to win their independence with the sword, nor can that well becalmed an uncivilized impulse which has flushed so high the encroaching pride of the United States at the present hour.

We are thus driven to admit that we cannot with truth assert that a diminution of war is a characteristic of our epoch; nor that, if some ancient causes of quarrel have disappeared before the progress of civilization, it has imported no new germs of discord into the bosom of nations. Our survey of the past is far from warranting the prediction that all the ends which are for the ultimate benefit of mankind will be henceforward accomplished without bloodshed. Nor does it seem to entitle the warmest advocate of peace to stigmatize a martial spirit as barbarous in every form, and for whatever purpose it is animated. On the other hand, we may glean some reason for the general reflection, that it is often by war itself that future wars are made impossible or improbable, while peace is not unfrequently but the gathering time for hostile elements.¹ And the particular observation in reference to our own island lies upon the surface, that, since it has been by the improvements of civilization brought into closer contact with the Continent, the chances of collision with Continental States are multiplied, and military institutions and ideas seem to have arisen among us *pari passu* with increased proximity to our military neighbours. Again, the extension of our empire far beyond the confines of Europe, has given us enemies and wars in lands of which our mediæval-ancestors never heard, and which uncivilized men would have never reached.

These inferences are, however, drawn

¹ "Ah, we are far from Waterloo! We are not now exhausted and ruined by twenty years of heroic war. We have taken advantage of the twenty years of peace which Providence has given us, to recruit our forces, and stimulate our patriotism. We have an army of 600,000 men; we can also fight at sea. We have built gigantic ships, cased with iron; we have gun-boats; in short, we have a powerful navy, which formerly we had not."—"La Coalition."—*Paris*, April 16, 1860.

confessedly from partial premises, since we have up to this point regarded only one of the many sides which the modern world presents to the eye of the statesman and political philosopher, and especially omitted one of the most conspicuous and important phases of European civilization. Industry and commerce have revolutionised occidental society, and established an economical alliance, as it were, between its members. One of the firmest bases of the feeling of nationality or fellow-citizenship may be traced at bottom, says an eminent traveller, to the "need and aid of each other in their daily life," felt by inhabitants of the same country. Each district, each house, each man has a demand for what another district, house, or man supplies; people are in habitual intercourse or contact of an amicable, or at least pacific character, and reciprocal obligations and conveniences make up the sum and business of existence. But this mutual interdependence now exists, as it is urged, between nation and nation, and all Christendom feels itself to be literally one commonwealth. And, besides the powerful interests altogether opposed to war, which have arisen in every state, men's minds are habitually awayed by commonplace and unromantic ideas; and the presiding idea of modern communities, we are told, is the altogether unwarlike one of the acquisition of wealth.

Even France is said to afford a conspicuous example of this; and there are several reasons why that country may, with particular propriety, be referred to in connexion with our present topic of inquiry. At this moment the peace of Europe depends mainly upon French policy. France, moreover, boasts, and with reason, of being, as regards the continent of Europe, a representative and missionary country in institutions and ideas. What is of importance here, moreover—in France and over most of the Continent there are wanting some peculiar physical and historical conditions which contribute to make pacific

¹ Notes on the Social and Political State of Denmark, by Mr. S. Laing.

interests and sentiments unquestionably predominant in Great Britain, the absence of which peculiarities would render any estimate of the prospects of Europe, that might be founded upon a mere extension of the elements of our own social condition, altogether fallacious. On the other hand there are facts, which have grown up with the present generation, "depriving former times of analogy with our own," and obliging us to dispute the logic which infers the character of future international relations from their past type.

Eight years before his arguments were sanctioned by a Treaty of Commerce, Mr. Cobden drew public attention to new features of the industrial economy of the world, surely calculated, in his opinion, to render a military policy uncongenial to the great mass of the French people, and a rupture with Great Britain particularly improbable. Those arguments are of course now entitled to additional weight, but they could hardly be more forcibly expressed by Mr. Cobden himself at the present moment than they were in a remarkable pamphlet which he published the year before the Russian War, from which we reproduce the following passage:—

"I come to the really solid guarantee which France has given for a desire to preserve peace with England. As a manufacturing country France stands second only to England in the amount of her productions and the value of her exports; but the most important fact in its bearings on the question before us is that she is more dependent than England upon the importation of the raw materials of her industry; and it is obvious how much this must place her at the mercy of a Power having the command over her at sea. This dependence upon foreigners extends even to those right arms of peace, as well as of war, coal and iron. The coal imported into France in 1792, the year before the war, amounted to 80,000 tons only. In 1851, her importation of coal and coke reached the prodigious quantity of 2,841,900 tons.

"In the article of iron we have another illustration to the same effect. In 1792 pig iron does not figure in the French tariff. In 1851 the importation of pig iron amounted to 33,700 tons. The point to which I wish to draw attention is that so large a quantity of this prime necessary of life of every industry is imported from abroad; and in proportion as the quantity for which she is thus dependent upon foreigners has increased since 1792, in the same ratio has France given a security to keep the peace.

*"Whilst governments are preparing for war, all the tendencies of the age are in the opposite direction; but that which most loudly and constantly thunders in the ears of emperors, kings, and parliaments, the stern command, 'You shall not break the peace,' is the multitude which in every country subsists upon the produce of labour applied to materials brought from abroad. It is the gigantic growth which this manufacturing system has attained that deprives former times of any analogy with our own, and is fast depriving of all reality those pedantic displays of diplomacy, and those traditional demonstrations of armed force, upon which peace or war formerly depended."*¹

We have quoted Mr. Cobden's principal argument, that a war with a state possessing, as Great Britain does, a superior navy, would ruin the staple manufactures of France; but he has also contended that a great military expenditure would entail burdens intolerable to the French people. If it be replied to this latter argument that Government loans produce no immediate or sensible pressure, and are rather popular measures, good authority is not wanting for the rejoinder that this State mine has been so freely worked by French financiers that it must be pretty nearly exhausted—the public debt of France having grown from £134,184,176, in 1818, to £301,662,148

¹ "1793 and 1853." By Richard Cobden, M.P. Ridgway.

in 1858.² To this it is added, that, while the Government has become yearly more embarrassed, the nation has become richer, more comfortable, and less ready for military life and pay; and that the very investments which have been so largely made by all classes in the French funds have arrayed interests proportionately strong against any course of public action calculated to depreciate greatly the value of their securities. In short, we are told that the French Emperor is too poor, and that the French people are too rich, for war.

These are considerations which deserve much attention; but they are, it seems to us, insufficient to prove that France has passed out of the military into the industrial stage of national development, or that its economical condition is such as to render war very distasteful to the French nation, as a nation; especially as one which endures in time of peace, with the utmost cheerfulness, one of the heaviest inflictions of a great and protracted war. For if we reflect upon the amount of wealth and industrial power withdrawn from production to sustain an army of 600,000 soldiers, besides an enormous fleet, we cannot but admit that this wonderful people bears, not only with constancy, but with pride, one of the chief economical evils of hostilities on a gigantic scale, and that this conspicuous feature of French society suffices to characterise it as warlike and wasteful, rather than as prudent and pacific. The immense increase of the national debt of France in the last forty years, if it shows that the fund of loanable capital has been largely trenced on, shows also the facility with which this financial engine has been worked hitherto; while the admitted augmentation of the general wealth of the people appears to contain an implicit answer to any conjecture that their capacity to lend has been nearly exhausted. Nor is it immaterial to observe, that the debt of France has been contracted mainly for military purposes,² that it has been considerably added to by the Emperor

for actual war, and that his popularity appears to be now much greater than at his accession, in a large measure in consequence of the manner in which he has employed the loans he has raised. We have, indeed, only to recollect the amount of debt incurred by our own Government in the last war with France, and the opinion entertained by the highest authorities of its overwhelming magnitude when it was but a seventh of the sum it afterwards reached, to see the fallacy of prophecies of peace based upon the supposition of the impossibility of a country in the condition of France plunging into a great contest, and emerging from it without ruin. Moscow and Waterloo have been followed by Sebastopol and Solferino; and of disasters befalling his country from a foreign enemy the Frenchman is, we fear, inclined to repeat:—

"Meresse profundo, pulchrior evenit:

"Luctere, multa prouert integrum

"Cum laude victorem, geretque

"Prælia conjugibus loquenda."

Neither can we put unreserved confidence in the pledges of peace afforded by the trade and manufactures of France, on the value of which the following figures throw a light which has probably escaped Mr. Cobden's notice:—

EXPORTS FROM FRANCE.¹

(Expressed in millions sterling and tenths.)

	Mill. sterl.
To England	11 2
" United States	7 3
" Belgium	5 0
" Sardinia	2 7
" Switzerland	2 0
" Zollverein	1 9
" Turkey	1 0
" Russia	—
" 46 other countries and places	12 5

IMPORTS INTO FRANCE.

(Expressed in millions sterling and tenths.)

	Mill. sterl.
From England	5 3
" United States	7 7
" Belgium	5 3
" Sardinia	4 1
" Switzerland	1 4
" Zollverein	2 3
" Turkey	1 7
" Russia	1 8
" 46 other countries and places	13 5

¹ Economist, November 26, 1859.

² Tooke's History of Prices, vi. pp. 7 and 13.

¹ Tooke's History of Prices, vi. 652-3.

It will be seen from this table that the French exports to England are larger than to any other country, and the imports from England second only to those from America. When this state of facts is taken in connexion with the common sentiments of the French towards the English, on the one hand, and towards those nations, on the other, with which their trade is comparatively insignificant—as, for example, the Russians, Spaniards, and Italians—we are led to suspect some great fallacy in a theory which presumes that national friendships and animosities, and international relations and differences, are adjusted mainly by reference to a sliding scale of exports and imports; and we are warned to seek for some other indications and guarantees of a lasting alliance.

Again, we may observe, that the European trade of France with Belgium ranks next in importance to that with England. Now, when it is suggested that France depends upon importation for those prime necessities of both war and peace, iron and coal, and that this fact, above all others, affords security against French aggression, the reminiscence can hardly fail to excite some inauspicious recollections. Belgium is almost traversed from west to east by beds of coal, from which, in 1850, nearly six million tons were extracted; and in the same year the Belgian mines yielded 472,883 tons of iron. Give Belgium then to France, or rather let France take Belgium, and she does not want English coal and iron in time of war for her steam navy and ordnance. Is it towards commercial or warlike enterprise—towards the annexation of the adjoining land of coal and iron, or peace with all her neighbours—that the mind of the French is likely to be tempted by this consideration? Which policy would best consort with some of their longest treasured aspirations, and some of their latest anticipations? Last year a pamphlet, entitled "*L'Avenir de l'Europe*," passed through several editions in Paris. The future sketched for his country by the writer may be conjectured from the following

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passage:—"De même que nous déclarons la Hollande puissance germanique, de même aussi n'hésitons-nous pas à regarder la Belgique comme française. Elle vit par nous, et sans la pusillanimité du dernier roi des Français, l'assimilation serait complète depuis 1830." Perhaps this allusion to the year 1830 may derive illustration from the inspirations of a more celebrated politician. Among the works of Napoleon III. there is a fragment, entitled "*Peace or War*," which expresses a very decided opinion upon the policy which became the Sovereign of France in 1830, and by implication upon the policy which becomes its Sovereign in 1860, or "whenever moral force is in its favour." It is in these terms:—"All upright men, all firm and just minds agree, that after 1830 only two courses were open to France,—a proud and lofty one, the result of which might be war; or a humble one, but which would reward humility by granting to France all the advantages which peace engenders and brings forth. Our opinion has always been, that in spite of all its dangers, a grand and bold policy was the only one which became our country: and in 1830, when moral force was in our favour, France might easily have regained the rank which is hers by right."

It is not out of place, perhaps, to remark here that the hope of a meek and quiet, but remunerative, policy on the part of France—rather than one grand and bold but perilous—which Mr. Cobden had some reason to form in 1853 from the nature and extent of the maritime commerce of France, has since lost its foundation by a change in the maritime laws of war brought about by Napoleon III. To have crippled by hostilities with a superior naval power the sale of manufactures to the value of 50,000,000*l.* and interrupted the importation of more than 40,000,000*l.* worth of the materials of French industry, might well have seemed a risk too prodigious even for a sovereign with magnificent ideas to encounter. But—not to speak of the efforts made by that

Sovereign to place France without a superior on the seas—there is, since the Russian War and the Treaty of Paris, nothing which France imports from foreign shores which she could not continue to receive during a war with England in neutral vessels. Even a blockade of the whole French coast would only send the cargoes round by the Scheldt and the Gulf of Genoa; and to whatever extent it were really successful in obstructing neutral trade, it would tend, on peace principles themselves, to make America, Sardinia, Spain, Russia, and Turkey the enemies of the blockading power, in the ratio of the intercept of imports.

It is by no means intended by these observations to attenuate the truism that the material interests of France would counsel a pacific policy on the part of its Government, but only to show that they do not present an insuperable obstacle to a warlike one, even against ourselves, and therefore do not relieve us of the barbarous onus of defensive preparations, or afford us much security that no temptation to achieve distinction by the sword could be strong enough to divert our powerful neighbours from the loom and the spade.

In truth, it is no original discovery of our era that the commercial demands of France and England make them natural allies. It was seen with perfect clearness by that statesman who led them into a conflict during which, on each side of the Channel, infants grew to manhood, seldom hearing of an overture for peace, and personally unacquainted with any human world but one of perpetual war.

When laying before Parliament the Treaty of Commerce of 1786, Mr. Pitt expressed a confident hope that the time was now come when those two countries which had hitherto acted as if intended for the destruction of each other would "justify the order of the universe, and show that they were "better calculated for friendly intercourse and mutual benevolence."

That generous confidence was so soon and signally frustrated, not because of

the blindness of both nations to the advantages of trade, but because men are sometimes disposed to exchange blows rather than benefits, and because they have passions, affections, and aspirations both higher and lower than the love of gold or goods. Still, in 1860, the fiery element of war burns ardently in France, because the desire of wealth is not the one ruling thought which moulds the currents of the national will. There, at least, the economical impulse is not paramount over every other, and the social world does not take all its laws from the industrial; of which in politics we find an example in the insignificance of the *bourgeoisie*, and, in common life, in the preference of the public taste for the ornamental rather than the useful.

There are thinkers who not only speculate upon the future of our own country from a purely English point of view, and take into account in their predictions of its destinies no forces save those visibly in action in ordinary times inside our island shores, but who measure the prospects of the whole human race according to principles which would be valid only if every people had an English history, climate, geographical position, and physical and moral constitution. Yet, in fact, some of the proximate dangers of war arise from the fact that England is the active centre of principles which, were all other countries similarly conditioned, would indeed be favourable to the maintenance of international amity, but which, being dominant in Britain almost alone, come sometimes into violent collision with the elements of national life that are combined elsewhere.

The mechanical and commercial conditions common to the modern civilized world have, in many respects, operated but little below the surface to modify diversities created by nature and descent, and betrayed even in the ordinary round of life. The likeness between the Anglo-Saxon and the Gaul of the nineteenth century lies on the outside; but in sympathies and ideas, in heart and soul, in the inner moral life, they differ funda-

mentally, and are beings representing two distinct phases of European civilization.

The seas kept the inhabitants of the British Islands for centuries aloof from most of those cruel wars which have left deep marks upon the institutions and temper of Continental Europe, and protected that energetic pursuit of material wealth and commercial pre-eminence to be expected from the first maritime position in the world, from customs at once free and aristocratic, and not least from a climate which demands the labour which it renders easy, while precluding foreign modes of existence and amusement.

Twenty Continental summers, following the passing of the Reform Bill, would work a total revolution in the social economy of Britain. They would leave us a gayer and pleasanter, but a vainer and an idler people. They would slacken our steps, and quicken our eyes and tongues; they would thin the city and crowd the parks, give a holiday air to English life, and improve manners and the art of conversation amazingly. We should lose the cold and sedate reserve, the calm concentration of the mind on serious business, and that earnest, patient, and practical character which our history, our Puritan ancestry, and our clouds, have formed for us. We should become less fond of domestic life, less engrossed with personal and family interests, living more in the open air, and abandoning ourselves much to subjects and feelings in which passers-by could share and sympathise. It would become more agreeable to spend than to get; accumulation would pause; people would love most to shine in society and at the *table d'hôte*, or to see splendid spectacles. In the end perhaps London might be so like Paris, we should have found so many of the ways of our lively neighbours worthy of our imitation, that we might enact a *loi de partition* and a conscription, elect an emperor, place an immense army under his command, talk about natural boundaries, and gladly wear red ribbons in our button-holes. Our susceptibilities

and sense of honour would have grown more refined; the press and the courts of law might fail to arrange many of our differences in a becoming manner, and we might find it imperative to recur to the chivalrous arbitrament of the duel.

This may perhaps appear a grotesquely exaggerated picture; yet in America the force of climate and circumstance is seen to reproduce in a few generations the lineaments of the indigenous inhabitant in the face of the Saxon settler, and to excite an eager restlessness of temperament wholly foreign to the ancestral type. And we have sketched but a few of the influences which tend in France to enervate the industrial spirit, and to give an undue force and direction to other impulses and motives of action. It is not only that the Frenchman naturally seeks the ideal more and the material less than the sober Englishman, but that his country affords fewer avenues for advancement and enterprise in civil life, and scarcely one safe pacific theme of politics. Here the love of change and excitement, the public spirit of the citizen, and the romantic impulse of the man to transcend the narrow boundary of home, and to become an actor on a greater stage than the market and the mill, find vent and exercise, not only in the discussions of a free press, but in the possession of a world-wide empire, familiar to the imagination and yet full of the unknown—a consideration the more operative on the side of peace, that the magnitude of this empire is felt to be largely due to the conquests of industry, not of arms, and that, by universal consent, the nation may have equals in war, but has no rival in the renown and blessings of wealth. The Frenchman, on the other hand, has but a soldier's tent abroad; he has no sphere of cosmopolitan action save the campaign, nor anything beside his famous sword to assure him of a conspicuous figure in Europe and a place in history.

Nor let us suppose entirely spent the original forces of that triumphant Jacquerie, the Revolution of 1789,

which made a populace of serfs a people of freedmen, with the pride and spirit of citizens and the vanity and suspicions of *parvenus*. The despot said, "L'Etat, c'est moi;" the emancipated slave awoke to the intoxicating reflection, "L'Etat, c'est moi." Seldom, since, has an idea of the dignity and glory of the State been presented to the popular mind of France in any other shape than that of victory and military precedence.

Mr. Buckle has been led far astray when he maintains that every great step in national progress, and every considerable increase of mental activity, must be at the expense of the warlike spirit; nor could he have happened on a more unfortunate reference than to the "military predilections of Russia"¹ for an illustration of his theory that a dislike of war is peculiar to a people whose intellect has received an extraordinary impulse from the advancement and general diffusion of knowledge and civilization. "It is clear," he says, "that Russia is a 'warlike country, not because the inhabitants are immoral, but because they 'are unintellectual.' But, in fact, what is clear is, that Russia is at present *not* a warlike country. Its situation, climate, history, and institutions, have contributed to make its inhabitants, in the opinion of the best authorities, 'the 'most pacific people on the face of the 'earth.'"²

Never in Moscow or St. Petersburg would you hear the cry of War for ever!

¹ Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, vol. i. p. 178.

² "Upon this point, I believe, no difference of opinion exists among all observers. Having lived for several years in a position which enabled me to mix much with the officers and men of the Russian army, such is my strong opinion of the Russian character. M. Haxthausen mentions, as a point admitting of no doubt, 'the absence of all warlike tendency among the Russian people, and their excessive fear of the profession of a soldier.' The Russian people have no pleasure in wearing arms; even in their quarrels among themselves, which are rare, they hardly ever fight, and the duel, which now often takes place among the Russian officers, is contrary to the national manners, and is a custom imported from the West."—*Russia on the Black Sea*, by H. D. Seymour, p. 97.

—*Vive la guerre!*—uttered often unrebuked by the writer's side, as the army of Italy defiled through the streets of Paris on the 14th of August, 1859.¹ Never during the Crimean War would you have seen a Russian manufacturer join the army as a volunteer, confessing with pride, "Moi, je n'aime pas la paix."²

There is, in truth, a natural relationship between the economic impulse, or the desire of a higher and better condition, and those national sentiments to which, in France, an unfortunate course of circumstances has given a military direction. Patriotic pride and emulation are personal ambition purified and exalted by the alliance of some disinterested motives and affections. Nor can that feeling ordinarily fail to have an elevating influence on the character of a people which raises the aspirations of the multitude above selfish ends and material gain, and infuses some measure of enthusiasm and public spirit into the most vulgar minds. Hence political economists of the highest philosophic genius, such as Adam Smith and William Humboldt, have been far from reprobating a martial temper in a people as barbarous in every form and under all conditions. To France, unhappily, we might apply Lord Bacon's lamentation on the improper culture of the seeds of patriotic virtue: "But the misery is that the 'most effectual means are applied to the 'ends least to be desired.'" It is not only that the structure of the French polity is such that the ruling classes are those least fit to rule, and most liable to be swayed by passion and caprice, while there is no percolation through succes-

¹ This was among persons who were able to pay twenty francs a-piece for their seats.

² The writer met returning from Solferino a French manufacturer, who, deserting his business for the campaign, had attached himself to the army of Italy, in which he bore the rank of captain. He had served in like manner in the Crimea, at the siege of Rome, and in Algeria. This individual made the above declaration of his diabolical peace; yet, upon the truce, he quietly resumed his business until another war, which he anticipated the following spring, should relieve him of the inglorious occupation.

sive grades, as in England, of the cooler views and habits of aristocratic and educated thought, but that a morbid intolerance of superiority has been left by the remembrance of the tyranny of the feudal nobility. As Mr. Mill has observed, "When a class, formerly 'ascendant, has lost its ascendancy, the 'prevailing sentiments frequently bear 'the impress of an impatient dislike of 'superiority.'"¹ Among the French democracy this hatred of superior eminence, being carried into every direction of the popular thought, continually recurs in the form of an envious and hostile attitude towards Great Britain. A nation prone to jealousy is placed by the side of another, at the head of all peaceful enterprise. Whatever envy of English fortune might thus arise, is aggravated by traditions of defeat and injury,—

Ungentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

France has now no colonies save a few military stations. But a century ago it was otherwise, and her sons might have found themselves in their own country from Quebec to Pondicherry, and from the Strait of Dover to the Strait of Magellan. Why are they now bounded by the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons? How is it that Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, the Bahamas, Tobago, Grenada and Dominica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent, the Falkland² Isles, Malta, the Ionian Islands, the Mauritius, Rodriguez and the Seychelles, and India from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, once held or claimed by France, are now undisputed fragments of the British Empire? It is a question which calls up the names of Chatham and his son, of Wolfe and Clive, of Nelson and Wellesley, and other memories retained with different emotions at each side of the Channel. And the answer might throw some light upon the source of the popularity at one side of the theory of natural boundaries, and

the eagerness of our rivals to push their frontiers to the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Alps, and to live in a larger world of their own.¹

Let us not be too severe in our censure of an ambition, which we must at the same time manfully resist. Suppose the conditions of the two empires to be suddenly reversed. Suppose England to be rankling under a successful invasion, and a long occupation by a foreign army. Suppose the British flag to have been swept from every sea, and almost every distant settlement and ancient dependency transferred to the domain of France. Suppose at the same time that we felt or imagined our ability to restore the balance and resume our former place upon the globe; and who shall say that, less sensitive and less combative as we are, we should not be eager to refer the issue to the trial of the stronger battalions once more? Or who shall say that the ideas of glory throughout the civilized world are not such at this hour that the defeat of England by sea and land would add immensely to the prestige of France, to the personal status of all her citizens in the *maxima civitas* of nations, and make the meanest of them feel himself conspicuous in the eyes of every people from America to China? When, after such reflections, we imagine the many roads to national distinction upon which the French might occupy the foremost place, but to which they give little heed; when we find among them such an intense appreciation, and such prodigious sacrifices for military fame; when the accumulation of capital among them, and the consequent growth of a pacific political power, is prevented by the fundamental conditions of their polity; when the agrarian division leaves a numerous youth of the military age disposable for war,² it would

¹ Since the above passage was in the press a remarkable map has been published in Paris, entitled "L'Europe de 1760 à 1860," designed to excite attention to the territorial and colonial losses of France in the last hundred years, and the immense aggrandizement of Great Britain at her expense.

² See Mr. Laing's *Observations on the State of Europe*. Second Series. Pp. 104—8.

¹ Essay on Liberty.

² The French were driven from the Falkland Isles in 1766 by the Spaniards, who in 1771 gave place to the British.

seem impossible to deny that the latent force of the warlike element in France is at all times prodigious; that so far as it is latent it occupies the place of the deep general attachment to peace which is felt in England; and that its actual ebullition in war depends partly upon the temper and life of a single individual, and partly on the occasions offered by the state of Europe, and the weakness of neighbouring powers. But these are the conditions of a military age and society. And thus it is that De Tocqueville has described his countrymen: "Apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour, and noise more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe; and that best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference."

It is this people which has elected an absolute monarch, and that monarch is Napoleon III. But it is a most obvious inference from this fact alone, that a community, which, however advanced in some of the arts of civilization, has not outgrown the superintendence of despotic government, nor learned to govern itself or to trust itself with liberty, has not arrived at that stage of progress in which the claims of industry and peace can be steadily and consistently paramount in the councils of the state. The traditions of old, and still more the exigencies and ambitions of new imperial dynasties, are incompatible with the conditions of the greatest economical prosperity. Neither are the independence and robustness of thought educated by free industrial life favourable to the permanence of an unlimited monarchy. Let us, indeed, ask if it be auspicious of the entry of Europe upon the industrial and pacific stage, and the millennium of merchants, that the trade of the world has hung since the truce of Villafranca upon the tokens of peace, few and far between, that have fallen from the lips of a military chief?

Yet that chief has deeply studied history, and gathered the lesson that monarchs must march at the head of the ideas of their age.¹ And there are indications that the vision of a holy alliance of the sovereigns of Europe for the maintenance of the peace and brotherhood of nations rose before his youthful mind as one of such ideas. In 1832, he mused as follows: ²—

"We hear talk of eternal wars, of interminable struggles, and yet it would be an easy matter for the sovereigns of the world to consolidate an everlasting peace. Let them consult the mutual relations, the habits of the nations among themselves; let them grant the nationality, the institutions which they demand, and they will have arrived at the secret of a true political balance. Then will all nations be brothers, and they will embrace each other in the presence of tyranny dethroned, of a world refreshed and consolidated, and of a contented humanity."

But experience has not increased the confidence of the wise in princes or holy alliances. One has indeed but to glance at the conditions essential, in the mind of so subtle a politician as Napoleon III., to the peace of Europe, and their inevitable consequence, to rest assured that its present sovereigns could hardly grant them if they would, and would not concur to yield them if they could. For what are these conditions? The *nationality* and the *institutions* which the nations demand. And what is to be the consequence? *Tyranny dethroned.*

Such really are, if not the only requisites to "consolidate the world and content humanity," the indispensable supports of "a true political balance." And let the history of the last twelve years—let the war in Hungary in 1849, and the war in Italy in 1859—let the dungeons of Naples, the people of Venetia, the Romagna, Sicily, and Hungary in 1860 (should we not add Nice and

¹ Historical Fragments. Works of Napoleon III.

² Political Reveries. Works of Napoleon III.

Savoy ?) say if the sovereigns of Europe are ready to concede without a struggle the nationality and the institutions for which the nations cry.

Let us not, however, ungratefully forget that the year 1860 opened with an assurance from the chief of the sovereigns of Europe, of his desire, "so far as depends on him, to re-establish peace and confidence." Yet this is but personal security for our confidence. Should Napoleon III, in truth, be anxious and resolute for peace, yet a few years, and the firmness of the hand which controls an impetuous and warlike democracy must relax, and afterwards the floods of national passion may come and beat against a house of peace built upon the sand of an Emperor's words. Gibbon has remarked upon the instability of the happiness of the Roman Empire in the era of the Antonines, because "depending on the character of a single man." The son and successor of Marcus Aurelius was the brutal tyrant Commodus. Besides, we cannot forget that he who "dreamed not of the Empire and of "war,"¹ in 1848, had, "at the end of four years," re-established the Empire; that the third year of that Empire was the beginning of strife with Russia, and that its last was a year of unfinished war with Austria. Moreover, under the second Empire, all France is assuming the appearance of a camp in the centre of Europe, and this phenomenon becomes more portentous if we take in connexion with it the Emperor's opinion respecting the precautions necessary to preserve the honour and assert the rightful claims of France. In 1843, he wrote: "At the present time it is not "sufficient for a nation to have a few "hundred cavaliers, or some thousand "mercenaries in order to uphold its rank "and support its independence; it needs "millions of armed men. . . . The terrible example of Waterloo has not

"taught us. . . . The problem to be "resolved is this—to resist a coalition "France needs an immense army: nay "more, it needs a reserve of trained "men in case of a reverse."

We must infer, either that in 1843 Louis Napoleon foresaw that France was destined to pursue a policy which would, to a moral certainty, bring her into conflict with the other powers; or that in his deliberate judgment no great European state is secure without millions of disciplined soldiers, against a coalition of other states for its destruction. If this be a true judgment, in what an age do we live! But, at least, the armaments of France prove that its sovereign has not hesitated to employ its utmost resources for the purpose of enabling it to "resist a coalition;" and a late despatch of Lord John Russell supplies the fitting comment. "M. Thouvenel conceives that Sardinia "might be a member of a confederacy "arrayed against France. Now, on this "Her Majesty's Government would ob- "serve, that there never can be a con- "federacy organized against France, "unless it be for common defence "against aggressions on the part of "France."¹ Another natural reflection presents itself, that if Napoleon III. can solve "the problem," and make France powerful enough to defy a confederacy, he has but to divide, in order to tyrannize over Europe. An apology which has been made for the great military, and more especially the great naval, preparations of France—that they indicate no new or Napoleonic idea, but are simply the realization of plans conceived under a former government—may be well founded. But then the question recurs—are these preparations necessary, or are they not? Does France really need "millions of armed men," or does she not? If she does, what conclusions must we form respecting the character of the age, and the theory of the extinction of the military element in modern Europe? Shall

¹ "Je ne suis pas un ambitieux qui rêve l'Empire et la guerre. Si j'étais nommé Président je mettrais mon honneur à laisser au but de quatre ans à mon successeur le pouvoir affermi, la liberté intacte." Proclamation of Louis Napoleon, December 10, 1848.

¹ Further Correspondence relative to the Affairs of Italy, Part IV. No. 2.

we say that it is an economical, industrious, and pacific age, or one of restlessness, danger, alarm and war? On the other hand, if there is nothing in surrounding Europe to justify the armaments of France, what must we think of the deliberate schemes of the French Government and the probabilities of peace? There is, too, another consideration—namely that, whatever be the reason and meaning of these facts, they *are* facts which must be accepted with their natural consequences. You cannot pile barrels of gunpowder round your neighbour's house without danger of a spark falling from your own chimney or his, or from the torch of some fool or incendiary. In the presence then of these phenomena, indicating what they do of the reciprocal relations and attitude of the most civilized states, can we say that the political aspect of the world and the condition of international morality would be unaptly described in the language applied to them two hundred years ago by Hobbes: "Every nation has a right to do what it pleases to other commonwealths. And withal they live in the condition of perpetual war, with their frontiers armed and cannons planted against their neighbours round about."?

There are, notwithstanding, sanguine politicians, who look upon these things as transitional and well-nigh past, who view the darkest prospects of the hour as the passing clouds of the morn-

ing of peace, and the immediate heralds of that day when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Of the advent of that period not one doubt is meant to be suggested here. But the measures of time which history and philosophy put into our hands are different from those which the statesman must employ. An age is but as a day to the eye to which the condition of the globe when it was first trodden by savage men is present. But those whose vision is confined to the fleeting moments so important to themselves, which cover their own lifetime and that of their children, will deem the reign of peace far distant if removed to a third generation.

What, then, is the interpretation of the signs of the times on which a practical people should fix its scrutiny? To this question, the question of the age—whether it means peace or war—it is believed that the preceding pages supply a partial answer, which we have not here room to make more full and definite; or it could be shown that the form and spirit of the age, the imperfection of the mechanism for the adjustment of international rights, the mal-organization of continental politics, the impending repartition of Europe, and the aspect of remoter portions of the globe compose a political horizon charged with the elements of war.